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BOOK OF A HUNDRED BEARS



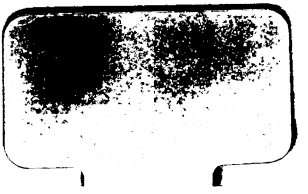
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A TALE OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

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BOOK

OF A

HUNDRED BEARS

By F. DUMONT SMITH,
Author of "Blue Waters and Green."

First Edition

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1909.

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TO MY DEAR FRIEND

BILLY BEAR

AND THE NINETY-NINE OTHERS, WHOSE FIRST NAMES ARE

TO THE WRITER UNKNOWN, THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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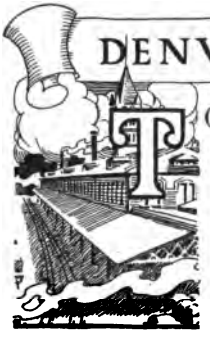
CONTENTS.

BOOK OF A HUNDRED BEARS

CHAPTER I.	Denver and Beyond.
CHAPTER II.	Mainly About Bears.
CHAPTER III.	Salt Lake and the Mormons.
CHAPTER IV.	Historical and Otherwise.
CHAPTER V.	In the Park.
CHAPTER VI.	Old Faithful.
CHAPTER VII.	Yellowstone Lake.
CHAPTER VIII.	The Cañon and Its Grizzlies.
CHAPTER IX.	And Dudgeon Smiled.
CHAPTER X.	Untrodden Ways.
CHAPTER XI.	Mammoth Springs.
CHAPTER XII.	The Trail.
CHAPTER XIII.	Norris Basin.
CHAPTER XIV.	Some Suggestions.

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Chapter 1.



DENVER and BEYOND

TO arrive at the Yellowstone and all its felicities you go to Ogden and turn to the right. You can not lose your way, because it is the first turn to the right, and then you go till they tell you to get off. This will be at the western entrance of the Park, where the railroad stops. The Conservators of the Park are truly conservative. Nothing less archaic than General Young, the Acting Superintendent, is permitted within its sacred confines. Everything there dates before B. Y. So there are no railroads, steam or electric, within the Park. When you enter there you leave iron rails, and most of your baggage, behind.

To arrive at Ogden you should go to Denver. Providence, the early settlers, who were Wise Guys

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and the railroads, have so beneficently arranged matters that, to break through into the Far West, it is most convenient to stop and drop a few dollars in the Denver slot machine. Few escape, nor should you care to do so. You may think you can escape Denver. You may select some railroad leading westward that apparently leaves Denver far to the north or to the south. You embark and, by and by, the porter says, "Denvah, all out," and there you are. You can hardly get away from Denver, and Denver knows it. But why attempt it? To him who has never seen Denver, it is a pure joy. You have come, we will say, from some eastern city, with its packing-houses and factories, smells and smoke, torrid heat and stifling atmosphere, and you step into an air that could not be retailed in any prohibitionist community because of its intoxicating effect. You stand on the streets of a great city, where commerce roars and crashes by you, and raise your eyes to the near peace and solemnity of great snow-clad mountains that seem only a mile away.

You breathe western air and behold the familiar

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habitudes and habiliments of the East. The cowboy and the tailor maid elbow each other. Automobiles and pack-mules, motor-cycles and mountain freight-wagons, jostle and crowd each other. It is here that the East and West do meet, although Mr. Kipling says they never can.

And they meet in such a friendly, natural way, they so hobnob and commingle, so change and interchange, putting on and taking off the dress and manner, each of each, that you cannot say whether this is the westernmost part of the East, or the easternmost part of the West, or both.

Denver, when I saw it again, was just recovering from the national democratic convention. Banners and portraits of the Peerless Leader still flaunted the air and insulted republicans. Strange stories were told me of that convention and its doings. But, tut! why should I monger scandal about the democracy? It never injured me, even when I was running for office. Let be!

One great mystery that has long oppressed me was here solved. For long we have vainly asked, "Why a democratic party?" True, once in four

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years it gives the Republicans a little healthful exercise and compels the distribution of surplus funds from Wall Street, and other purlieus of the predatory rich, among the honest toilers who control the "labor vote," "the colored vote," and other controllable votes. But, to the practical man who likes to get results, its quadri-ennial gatherings, its nominations, and its "viewing with alarm," and other resoluting, seem so futile, like the empty motions of a child that only pokes its finger in its own eye. But Providence has other ends than appear to finite vision. All things have their use, say the wise men, and here you are.

As we all know, the past few years have wrought a great change in many communities, chiefly those democratic. "The South is going dry." Mint beds are drying up. Stills no longer still. But such profound changes are not made hastily. Between each of the great revolutions of nature are immediate types partaking of the last and the next. Such is the South. It is in the pterodactyl stage. It is partly dry and partly wet. Exit the bar, enter the bottle. This is largely

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true of all prohibition states, North and South. It matters little whether, as in Kansas, you go into the third stall of the livery stable and get it out of a black bottle, or whether, as in Georgia, you go behind a bale in the cotton warehouse and get it out of a jug. The effect is the same. The habit has become fixed, so fixed that the sturdy rank and file of the democracy, with eyes bent on Denver, provided themselves aforetime with ample supplies of bottled goods. The bar habit was not for them.

I am told by Denver men of the utmost rectitude, but whose names I decline to name, that bottled supplies were shipped in by the carload—by the train load. Tammany alone—but, pshaw! anyone knows what Tammany would do.

And so it resulted that the bars were largely deserted. Bartenders of the best, immaculate in white jackets, each with twenty-five cents worth of ice shining on his shirt front, "curled and scented like an Assyrian bull," waited idly before their empty shrines. Their altars were deserted, their worship abandoned, their rites forgotten. No one

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said "I take mine with sugar." No one murmured "a little of the same." Gin rickies, dry and wet cocktails, remained in their respective dens. The high-ball tinkled not, the compound of gin fizzed not. The dust gathered on the bar, and about the costly cut glass the spider wove his snare.

Meanwhile, the sturdy prohibitionists of Maine and Georgia, of Kansas, Iowa and Texas, foregathered in the alleys and the livery stables and in the fastnesses of their rooms. They took it as they had been accustomed to. Took it from the bottle, straight, or, at most, with plain water, then or afterward. From the effeminate half pints of Maine and Iowa, to the sturdy quarts of Kansas and Georgia, the product of Kentucky and Illinois and Ohio and Pennsylvania was there — all purveyed in bottles bearing the certificate of the Pure Food Law. Reassured by that sacred emblem of its worth, the Democracy drained the last drop from hundreds and thousands of bottles; and then there were "empties," which, as every boy knows, are worth money. For days the

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gamins of Denver reaped a rich harvest—a harvest that renewed itself with each morning light, with each outpouring from the convention hall. To-day, many an erstwhile barefoot boy rides in his own automobile, the beneficiary of that convention. So say no more that in the scheme of things the democracy has no use.

Lest you may think these things strange, improbable, and mere tales of a traveler, I must relate an instance of the mysterious ways of prohibition, the tortuous, blind, complicated manner of its workings. A friend of mine, who used to live in Atchison, Kansas, one Saturday night desired some beer for Sunday. He went to a druggist who had a "permit" to sell for "medical, mechanical and scientific purposes." The druggist said, "You will have to sign up for it." "All right!" said Bill. The druggist got out his affidavit. "What disease shall I say?" Bill studied. He never had anything but the measles and he was not sure that beer was an antidote for measles. Besides that was twenty years ago. He had an inspiration. "Look here, you are allowed to sell

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for mechanical purposes, are you not?" "Yes," said the druggist. "Well, I want this for mechanical purposes." The druggist wrote "mechanical purposes." Bill signed, and the druggist delivered six bottles of beer. "By the way," said the druggist, "what mechanical purpose do you want that beer for?" Bill fixed the beer under his arm and looked the druggist firmly in the eye. "I want it to grease a buggy."

I suppose, like myself, you have wondered why republican conventions never sit in Denver. I will reveal the secret. It is because telephone communication between Denver and Washington is too remote and unsatisfactory. Fancy a personally conducted republican national convention without a direct wire to the White House. To illustrate: I was once chosen a delegate to a national republican convention. Three astute gentlemen, sitting in an upper room of an hotel — gentlemen who had cheerfully taken charge of the state convention and relieved the delegates of their labors — chose me. A kindly railroad, fearful of the strain on my finances, sent me a pass.

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There I was. The President had selected the permanent and temporary chairman, written the platform, and the only thing the convention had to do was to fill that innocuous office, the vice-presidency. For some unknown reason the President had failed to indicate his choice of a running mate. Selecting a vice-president is a difficult and solemn task and requires inspiration. A new compound of gin had just been discovered, blonde in color but very brunette in its effect. By a curious irony of fate a candidate was selected, with the aid of this compound, who, later, met his first serious setback as the result of a cocktail surreptitiously set in front of him by an ill-wisher.

As for me, I was made a member of the Committee on Resolutions. I was informed that it was a distinguished honor. The committee met. The chairman, selected by the President, blandly informed us that he had appointed a sub-committee of five to "prepare a platform." Inasmuch as it was well known that the chairman, a distinguished senator from a New England state, had the platform in his pocket, edited thor-

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oughly by a White House stenographer, the irony of his statement struck me as subtle, at least. At ten the next morning we met again to hear read the platform "prepared" by the sub-committee. The chairman read it, with his broad New England *a's*, rolling his *r's*, and savoring its platitudes as though he were the author. Suddenly the senator from Kohosh arose. It was the railroad plank. "I object to that word. It closes the door. It promises nothing." The senator had been drunk the night before. That particular compound of gin had left its brunette effect. Besides, he suspected the administration of an intention of unseating his delegation. "The senator from Kohosh objects," twittered the chairman. "Yes." "What does the senator suggest?" "I have no suggestion to make. I merely object," and the senator relapsed into dipsetic gloom. The chairman looked helplessly about. There was no telephone. The White House was inaccessible. His whiskers quivered. A visible crepitation ran through the forty odd members of the committee. Would they dare to change this inspired platform,

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this heaven-born instrument, without orders? Assuredly not. I cannot tell how it happened. A voice, it seemed to be my own, but it came from very far away, as my knees agitated, suggested another word. The chairman twittered again. A sigh of relief went through the room. The senator from Illinois patted me on the back. "Does the senator accept the substitute?" "I do." With a trembling hand the chairman changed the word. The committee arose. I had placed one word in a republican platform.

"Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar," did ever delegate to a republican national convention before or since accomplish so much? And all because there was no long-distance 'phone in that committee room.

That mistake will never occur again. Now every committee room is properly equipped, and no such crisis will ever more confront a committee. And so Denver is ineligible for a national republican convention.

I left Kansas City with the thermometer dodging the century mark and the asphalt pavement

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IN WEBER CAÑON NEAR DEVIL'S GATE, UTAH

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trickling in tropical fluidity down the sewers, and awoke in that heaven-born air that bathes those western highlands, edging their long slopes up to the Rockies. I did not linger in Denver, for I had been there many times, but, so soon as time and tide served, besought my way for Ogden, for Ogden is the gateway. There you must go, or else a thousand miles southward. Not elsewhere, nor between, can steam break through the mighty ramparts of the Rockies, and, because it holds the key, it sits there at the receipt of custom, and takes toll of all who, being East, would like to be West, or, being West, would like to be East. Out of this remunerative toll that it takes, and out of the thrift of its farmers and irrigators, it has built up a fair city, a city much automobiled because of its beautiful streets and roads; much resorted because of its thermal springs that cure everything from rheumatism to dipsomania; with one gorgeous cañon whose varied beauties of stream and rocks and foliage would make the fortune of an eastern resort.

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ECHO CANOÑ FROM MONUMENT ROCK, UTAH

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From there the Oregon Short Line takes you direct to the western entrance of the park. Oregon Short Line is one of the pseudonyms for Harriman. From Kansas City and Omaha to Ogden it is Union Pacific. From there to the Puget Sound country Oregon Short Line and Oregon Railroad & Navigation. From Ogden to San Francisco, and way back again to New Orleans, it is Southern Pacific — but it is all Harriman. I do not know how many railroads Mr. Harriman controls. I am told that he is not right sure himself. There is a story in railroad circles that not long ago he called up one of his viziers. "Have we got the Start and Go Somewhere Road?" "Sure," says the vizier. "When did we get it?" says Harriman. "You got it in that last trade with George Gould." "Humph," says Harriman, "he must have sawed that off on me when I wasn't looking. Well, anyway, there's a man here who says he is president of the S. & G. S., and he wants ten millions for improvements. Do you suppose he wants it?" "Mr. Harriman," says the vizier, "every railroad wants money." "I mean," says Harriman, "how

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much does he need?" "If he wants ten millions he probably needs five and can get along with three." And he got it. Now, doubtless, this is a fairy tale. It is like the story that there are only two shares of stock outstanding on the Salt Lake & Los Angeles Railroad, the road that Senator Clark built out of his pocket money without issuing any bonds; that Clark owns one and Harriman the other.

This story is undoubtedly a lie, but it is picturesque. Fancy Clark and Harriman sitting opposite each other and gravely moving and passing resolutions, and then fancy what would happen if they did not agree. No! I deny my credulity to this story, though I swallow most things as a traveler should. The true rule of travel is to swallow everything and beg for more. The cynical, the worldly-wise, miss much that is picturesque and interesting. I know that old, hand-made lies are nearly all gone and the new ones are machine-made, not of as good wearing quality as the old ones; but, once in a while, you meet an artist who is not in a hurry, who patiently elaborates his

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work till it reaches perfection, and he will not exhibit it to the wise ones, the sarcastic ones or the supercilious ones. He reserves it for simple souls, like myself, who are credulous and love to be lied to.

The story that Mr. Harriman did not recognize his own road leads me to some observations on this new Union Pacific. When Harriman took it, it was bankrupt—the traditional "two streaks of rust and a right-of-way." It had been the plaything and victim of the stock market, the looter and the wrecker. It had an enormous debt, but it was one of the great links of commerce. Its terminals were fine. It ran through a rich country. It was the first really, truly great railroad that Mr. Harriman controlled, for his very own, with an absolutely free hand. He had a large hand in other railroads—a long education in transportation—but the U. P. was the first to be called by the now familiar name, "a Harriman road." Not that he owned it—Mr. Harriman, I imagine, does not own any road—but, through affiliations and stock control, it was his as much as though he

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owned it. His will was law, and he started out to show what he could do with a railroad. So it has resulted that the U. P. has a peculiar place in Mr. Harriman's affections. It was the firstling of his flock, his eldest and dearest. Whatever the U. P. wants, it can have. He has made of it a great holding company with enormous interests in other roads, paying regular dividends, and, as to its present physical condition, there is nothing to criticise.

I sat in the observation car with nothing to do but watch the ninety-pound rails slip away behind us without a jar or a vibration. I saw the automatic block signals rise to their warning position and enclose us in an invisible network of protection through which no other train, front or rear, could break. I saw the right-of-way, clean as a lady's parlor, the magnificent ballast of Sherman gravel, everywhere the evidences of a trained eye, of supreme railroad skill, care and intelligence. By the way, can you recall when you have heard of an accident on the U. P.? Just stop and think. You read about railroad wrecks here and there,

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but I cannot recall when I have heard of one on this road, and I never felt safer. I knew I was safe. I was surrounded by every safeguard that human ingenuity has invented up to date, and watched over by a human machine that tireless patience, and the weeding out of every proved incompetent, has brought as near perfection as a human machine can be made.

The land of wheat succeeds the land of corn; tillage fails, and vast herds and flocks take the place of cultivated fields.

Still the steel rails slip behind you, prosperous towns and pretentious cities alternating with the wild and the remote. Elk Mountain follows you with its great visage for fifty miles. The glories of Weber Cañon, the gateway of the Mormons, vanish. The pathway of the pioneers you are following rises and dips and falls, and the years when this trail was strewn with bleaching bones of toil-spent oxen, and marked with the graves of woman and child over-done with the stress of the trail, seem far away and vastly remote. And yet, it is barely half a century since the first great cara-

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ELK MOUNTAIN, WYOMING—ON LINE OF UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

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van, the exodus of the Mormons, broke through here, and all about you was written the history of those first heroic souls who dared the desert and the unknown. Fort Bridger is just over there, and over this very trail, then as remote from us as Thibet is today, thousands sought the way to fortune or the refuge of the desert to find but a wayside grave.

As I said before, U. P. is Harriman's favorite, and she can have anything she asks for. Money is no object. Does she get a speck of dust in her eye, straightway the road is ballasted from end to end with rock. Is there a splintered rail, a tear in her pretty iron dress, a low joint or two, she must have a new suit of ninety-pound steel, surfaced to a razor edge.

Along in 1902, Miss U. P. began to whimper, and Mr. Harriman, in New York, heard her and sat up. "Say," he says, "what's the matter with U. P.?" "Wants a cutoff," says the vizier. "Says all the other roads have cutoffs and says she wants one." "Well," says Harriman, "why don't you fix it for her?" "She wants the Great Salt Lake

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filled up to make it." "Fill it up, then," says Harriman; "don't let the child cry for a thing like that."

To understand this you must know that, when the U. P. was built, or rather, what is now the Southern Pacific, west from Ogden, it made a great detour around the northern end of the Great Salt Lake, necessitating heavy grades and a climb of fifteen hundred feet. For years this piece of road had been a heart breaker. It took two big engines to take twenty cars over the grade and it was forty miles longer than a straight line. But a straight line meant the Great Salt Lake Cutoff, involving engineering problems heretofore unsolved and millions of money. Harriman had the engineers, and could get the money, and the word went forth that this great inland sea should no longer be an obstructor of traffic.

Ordinarily a cutoff is a simple thing. So many yards of dirt or rock to be removed; so many bridges, ties and rails. But here was the unknown. It was proposed to bridge thirty-four miles of water, to construct a double track on piles or fill,

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over unknown depths and upon an unknown foundation. No one knew what was at the bottom of the lake—rock, sand, or mud.

To make an air line the road runs across an arm of the lake, into which flows Bear River, a big, fresh-water stream, to Promontory Point. This was to be a fill; the rest of the way was to be piled.

So an army of men was set to work—literally an army, larger than that which Washington commanded at Yorktown. Forests were felled for piles and ties. The great steel mills roared and flared night and day for months. A fleet of barges, tug boats, launches and steamers plied the once deserted waters. Gnomes attacked a mountain range, and with pick and drill, and engine and gin and dynamite bit and tore and hammered and worried it down into the lake depths. And, day by day, the lake swallowed it up—casually, easily, with the same smiling, dancing, rippling face. Tons, thousands of tons, of rock disappeared without a sign, till there came a day when islands began to appear along the fill. The bottom was a spongy mud and, when the rock began to sink, it

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was like pressing your hand in a pan of dough: on either side the dough is forced up. They felt encouraged. They had made an impression. The lake no longer smiled casually and cheerfully. Day by day those sullen, sinister-looking islands of gray primeval ooze and slime grew and lengthened. Then one night the lake rose and tore away the moored piles, anchored craft and pile-drivers and scattered them to the last corner of the lake. It took weeks to recover the scattered material. Water for every purpose had to be hauled a hundred miles. On the pile part piles had to be spliced thrice to stand. The mud lay in strata with floors of hard shale between.

It was endless, heart-breaking work, yet it proceeded rapidly and, at the end of two years, it was finished. The fill was full; the piles complete. Straight away, at a water level, for thirty-four miles, stretched four steel ribands. The ends were connected. It remained but to drive the last spike, and the Great Salt Lake was conquered. They wired Harriman, shook hands with each other, and went to bed.

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The next morning they awoke to find that the Bear River had quietly taken its own again. The beautiful roadbed, ties and rails, as well as some equipment, were in the lake. One of those floors had given away again and let the whole right-of-way down into the lake.

Right then and there, if I had been on the job, I would have cussed the whole thing comprehensively, wired my resignation and tackled something that promised completion before Time and Eternity got mixed up. But these boys were not built that way. They looked at each other and said, "Well, that's h—l, ain't it?" spat on their hands and went to work again. They selected another nice-looking, handy mountain range, and proceeded to tear it down and spill it into the lake.

In the meanwhile word had to come to the President, who is the ex-officio keeper of the scenery of the U. S., that Mr. Harriman was misplacing a lot of his scenery. The matter was referred to the department for the protection of pinochle and other wild game of America, which immediately

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selected a competent young man to investigate. I say "competent," advisedly. He was a graduate of Pungtown University, had studied pinochle at close range in Milwaukee, and spent two years among the mountain ranges of Chicago.

He was two years investigating the matter, and his report, published by that celebrated publishing house, "Government Printing Office," may be found in the basement of almost any public building. Following a time-honored precedent, the report was not filed till the work was finished. And finished it was. At last Bear River was conquered. The last lump of nasty gray mud was squeezed out of its depths. Rock met rock and there the road was, and there it is.

I saw it, and you may get a fair idea of it from the illustrations. At midlake, in one direction, you cannot see land, and on every side it is far away and dim. And I saw one engine haul one hundred and ten loaded cars across it with ease. One hundred and ten, instead of two engines to twenty cars. That was what the cutoff was for, as well as saving forty-three miles and two hours

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time across the continent. That is the shibboleth of the U. P. The shortest line and the lowest grades. That is all they want. The best is good enough for them. And they are getting it in many other ways and places. Everywhere we went we saw curves straightened, fills and cuts and tunnels through the solid rock to reduce grades. It is a plain matter of calculation. So much money spent will save so much in moving the traffic. "Then spend the money and be quick about it." Today, what was the poor old busted Union Pacific, that ruined so many fortunes and blasted so many reputations, that was a jest and a byword, compares with any railroad in the country—indeed, with any in the world. Travel over it is no task in that magnificent gliding hotel, The Overland Limited, where you have every comfort and are borne on the magic carpet from wonderland to wonderland. And it opens up that wonderland of all the wonders, Yellowstone Park.

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Chapter 2



MAINLY ABOUT BEARS

BEFORE my visit to the Yellowstone, I had known, intimately, but one bear. Now I am on speaking terms with more than a hundred of the most refined, intelligent and cultivated bears in the world. Hence the title of this book. They are real "gents," everyone of them, and you shall hear all about their gentness if you will but listen. I have mentioned that I once knew a bear, Mose Lewis by name. To know him was to love him. To know him was a liberal education in bearness. Such was his nature, so comprehensive, so universal, such his intelligence, that he might well pass as the model of all bears. Long association with me had not marred his bear nature nor spoiled him. He remained till the last a bear —

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in fact, toward the last, he became more and more of a bear. Bears do that as they grow older. Poor Mose died of tooth trouble. He bit his master and was killed. He had bitten a number of other people, which did not particularly matter. They were there handy, and Mose had to bite something; but, when he bit the old man, something happened. Mose also was typical, in that he was a black bear, the commonest and most numerous of the bear family, and found more or less everywhere except within the Arctic Circle.

Sometimes their coloring shades off to brown, or tawny, and the uninformed call them cinnamons. But President Roosevelt, who ought to know, says that they belong to the same family, a mere aberrance from type. Some nature fakirs dispute this, but I stay by the President because I voted for him. A man who knows the octopus, however disguised, and who has killed more octopi (I am a little doubtful of that plural) than any other man, living or dead, is good enough authority for me.

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A PARK BEAR

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To return to Mose. He was taken quite young as the result of an accident that happened to his mother, and was carried a hundred miles in a wagon, nourished on crackers and condensed milk. That he survived the latter shows the strength of of his constitution. In the roomy home that Mose entered was a tame prairie dog, one of the most delightful of household pets, by the way. One would think that friendly commerce between such natures would be impossible, but in fact they became great friends, for the prairie dog soon discovered Mose's tender point, his nose, and rejected too great familiarity with a swipe in the right place that always sent Mose under the bed to whimper for an hour. His favorite amusement was a roomy rocking-chair. He would scramble to the top of it and swing back and forward by the hour, till a disregard of the laws of gravity would send him over and he always lit on his nose. Most of the time he went around nursing his nose and asking sympathy for it. He grew amazingly. Abundant food brought out the beautiful glossiness of his black coat and all the

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mischief in him. He ate everything, including old clothes and pipes. A particularly strong one that he found in Mac's pocket made him sick, and never afterward could he endure the smell of tobacco. One of his favorite tricks was cleverly to knock a pipe from one's mouth and then scramble away.

Like all bears, he had a passion for sweets. Candy or a lump of sugar would command his affectionate attention any time. One day I rolled him out an old-fashioned molasses keg and he spent a whole forenoon trying to get a two-inch muzzle into an inch hole. Finally I broke it up and Mose spent the next week licking the staves. When he had finished, even the Sugar Trust could not have gotten anything from that keg.

In spite of his civilized surroundings he remained a wild thing. He was weather wise and knew when storms were coming. He had a comfortable house, but a snow-storm, twenty-four hours off, would set him digging industriously to prepare for it. The sign never failed. Well fed and sure of his future, he ceased to hibernate.

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In fact, hibernation is only an instinct of preservation against winter, the deep snows, the starvation time. Bears in the South do not hibernate, and, on the other hand, many tropical animals, and even reptiles, estivate: bury themselves somewhere against the heat of summer and its dangers.

Mose, as I have said, ate everything, but always retained his baby taste for milk. Every day a fresh full pail was given him and he would lie for hours slowly sipping it, licking his chops and savoring it like a connoisseur. The pigs annoyed him greatly by insisting on a share of his milk. Well-aimed slaps, that sent them tumbling, failing to repulse them, he would pick the pail up in his front paws and handily carry it and set it down in his house, where no pig dared approach.

One day, in the summer, we heard an awful row upstairs. Mose had climbed the veranda and tried to enter the house by a chamber window that had been lowered from the top. There he was stuck, half in and half out, bawling for help. He would not back out and it took four of us to

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drag him through. He refused to descend the stairs until a piece of cake tempted him. Mose would have followed a piece of cake straight up to Roosevelt's gun.

Poor old Mose! I never tired of talking to him; with his bear head cocked on one side and his little black eyes following the movement of my lips, he would listen as though he understood, but, in fact, waiting, for he knew that he would get a lump of sugar before the confab ended.

The farmhands teased him. He grew gradually morose, ugly and dangerous, and then his end came. The household was in mourning for a week.

Moved by interest in Mose, I made a study of bears, sought their society wherever I could, and am told that I have gained much from them, especially as to my manners before breakfast. Of course, I am no expert, simply a catechumen; but I know a heap of things about bears, and, when I heard of the bears in the Yellowstone, they decided me.

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For you must know that, in the Yellowstone, bears are as the autumn leaves in that Spanish place, the name of which I forget just now. The Park has many other things, geysers of all sorts, streams, water-falls, mountains, rocks and cañons; but the unique thing about the Park, the thing best worth while, most worth a visit, is the animals. For there the world-old war between man and his fellow animals is ended. It is not a truce nor an armistice. It is peace—lasting, final, well understood capitulations signed, sealed and duly observed by the stronger party. There, alone, of all the wild places of the earth, the wild are free from fear. There is no "open season." No gun may be fired in the Park, nor even carried, save by those who are duly authorized.

The Park is policed by a small force of scouts, who remain throughout the year, and in the summer by two troops of cavalry. None other may carry a gun. Since 'eighty-eight this prohibition has been enforced strenuously, and more than one poacher has spent a term in Fort Yellowstone for violating this fundamental law of the Park.

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THE TWIN BEAR CUBS

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MacBride is the head scout. He has been there thirty years, nearly. He knows every foot of it and every animal in it. He has the power of the high, the low, and the middle, justice: power of life and death over its wild citizens. A quiet man, big and silent like his habitat, with something of the free wildness of his friends. Mostly in his patrol he sticks to the trails and, day and night, the year 'round, rides his lonely way looking for poachers, for imprudent campers who do not quench their fires, observing the wild things and their doings and welfare. Once in a while you will find him, in his forest clothes, in one of the great hotels, rolling and smoking endless cigarettes and observing the foolish ways of civilization. And then, if you can get him to talk, it is worth a trip across the continent.

His old calico saddle horse is as well known to the animals of the Park as are their feeding grounds. He can ride through a band of elk without their lifting a head. He knows the good bears and the bad ones. In winter, with the other scouts, he goes on snow shoes, for his patrol must be kept up,

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as winter is the best time for the poachers. A good buffalo head, mounted, is worth a thousand dollars today, and the skin three hundred; so a couple of kills is worth a big risk. Not long ago a desperado got in and killed eight of them before MacBride caught him. He is spending two years in Yellowstone jail with a fine on top of it.

Occasionally a bear gets old, ugly, dangerous, or commits some depredation, some infraction of the Park law, and then MacBride is sent for. Not long ago an old black bear, after making himself a nuisance by depredations on camping parties, distinguished himself by killing a cow belonging to the Cañon Hotel. And here comes in a curious rule of the Park. No animal may be shot within sight or sound of another. To do so would seem a violation of the treaty. It would destroy their confidence, upset the whole scheme, and break in on their education. So MacBride had the half-eaten carcass left, knowing the bear would return. Half the night he watched till he got the criminal, and by morning there was nothing left to show that justice had been done. For when a

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bear, or any other wild animal, is killed, every part of it must be burned. They may not even preserve the beautiful hide. To do so would incite the suspicion that sometimes they are killed for the hide. You may think, as a tourist that the rules are strict for you, but they are even stricter for the guardians of the Park; and there is one rule for all.

Again MacBride comes in. Two years ago a fresh young man from Chicago was stopping at the Cañon Hotel. He went out in the woods with his wife and, "just for fun," chased a silver-tip cub up a tree, and, "just for fun," prodded it with his umbrella till it bawled for mamma. Mamma came. With one neat swipe she tore out the young man's breast-bone and part of a lung. He lived five days. MacBride was sent for to kill the mother bear. But no animal may be executed without a hearing, without his day in court. The trial was a scene unique in the justice of the world. The defendant was not present in court nor represented by counsel, but MacBride, who was judge, and executioner if she were condemned, was there to see justice done to his forest friends.

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PARK BEARS AND TOURISTS

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The prosecution demanded the death of the culprit. She had broken the forest law and must be killed. She was a danger to the public — an outlaw. MacBride listened patiently. He cross-examined the witnesses. He showed that the victim was, himself, violating the forest law in chasing the cub; that he was the unprovoked and wanton aggressor; that the mother bear had every reason to suppose that her cub was in imminent danger. Following a sacred instinct in defense of her young, she had exercised the right that belongs to all animals in the Park, that of self-defense. To punish this instinct, to pronounce her guilty, would be a violation of the treaty, would set aside the forest law in favor of one who, by his own act, had placed himself beyond its protection, and would make one law for the animals of the Park and another for man. MacBride refused to do it. He held to the forest law and acquitted the defendant. It was forest justice.

Do you wonder that these wild beings of the Park know him and trust him and are secure in his justice? So well they know it, that even the

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Canada goose, the wildest of the migratory birds, is as tame as a barnyard fowl. I got a snapshot of a flock within a hundred feet. How do they know — what mysterious instinct tells them — that here, alone, of all the spots from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle, they are safe?

I felt like Alexander Selkirk.

"Their tameness was shocking to me."

The woodchuck, dozing on the rail of the wooden bridge, looks at you with sleepy russet eyes, as you pass within a foot of him, never stirring. A bear lumbers across the road, a few feet in front of you, with an expression that says, as plain as words, "You lemme alone; you don't dast to tech me."

The elk, the deer and the antelope hardly raise their heads from grazing as you pass. One day, walking, I passed within ten feet of a mother deer and two fawns with mottled sides gleaming in the sun. She moved off a few steps, but the fawns looked at me with their great velvety eyes, and one scratched her ear with her tiny hoof, as she contemplated me, and then went on grazing. In the winter, the antelope congregate by the hundreds

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about the Hot Springs Hotel and are fed on alfalfa. Day in and day out, the scouts patrol the Park and watch for cripples or old animals that may die of starvation. You may not, if camping, leave a tin can unburied, because sometimes a bear, in search of its contents, gets its nose stuck in its ragged opening. The Government does everything but furnish hair mattresses and wash basins for them.

The badger, wildest of his kind, sits at his doorway and looks at you as unafraid as a baby pup. The bald eagle gazes at you from a dead branch within easy snapshot, with his tired, dead eyes, that seem as old as the world. The chipmunks fill the woods with their chatter. Squirrels dance above your head, and all the multitudinous life of the forest goes and comes, regardless of you, unfearing. Is it not wonderful? They know that you are not there to kill and wound and rend them. You are not there to secure another rug or pair of spreading antlers that attest the sureness of your eye. You are just friends with them — just there to watch them, enjoy them, maybe to feed them, but surely not to harm them.

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Up in the northeastern corner of the Park, off the beaten highway, is a little camp — Camp Roosevelt. It is not much sought except by the initiate (I shall tell you more about it later), but hereI really became acquainted with a Yellowstone bear. We arrived for late lunch spread in a tent. About five o'clock an old cinnamon and her cub came down to the garbage pile, for their supper, perhaps a hundred yards from our sleeping tent. We walked down to see her. She sent the cub up first, then followed, up a big Douglas spruce, sat there twenty feet from the ground and watched us, unafraid but declining to associate with us. I sent Dudgeon up a nearby tree to get a snapshot of her, but she managed to get the tree between herself and the camera. After a while we retired a little way and she came down and resumed her supper. Presently came stealing around, furtive, shy, timid, my bear — the one bear that I claim for my very own out of the Hundred. Poor little Billy Bear approached with such an humble countenance, with such insinuating small whinings, expressive of hunger, that it would have melted the

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heart of anything but a mother bear with a cub. The cinnamon charged him instantly and drove him to the thick woods. By and by he came stealing in from a different quarter. But, alas for Billy! he came out upon a corral where a brindle cow guarded her calf. She charged him, horns down. Billy gave one despairing look at her and climbed a tree. For a half-hour Brindle brandished her horns under him, threatening evisceration if he dared to descend, till called off for feeding and milking. Bill descended supperless. Forlorn and empty he wandered away. In the night I was awakened by him, twice, rubbing against my bed. It was just against the wall of the tent and in the half-light his bulk showed who it was. The second time I kicked him hard and he gave the same protesting little whine and went away.

The next morning at early breakfast I looked out the back door of the dining tent and there was Bill, straddling the swill barrel, holding by its edge with three paws and fishing for breakfast with the other. Mind you, ten feet from us. When his

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black paw emerged with some morsel that suited him he would eat it, regarding us gravely, searching the sky and the nearby door of the cook tent for possible interruptions. I hurried my breakfast and, with a handful of doughnuts, went out to make friends. At first he regarded me with suspicion, but a piece of doughnut thrown within tempting distance conquered him. His expression when, for the first time, he savored that delicacy simply cannot be described. A combination of surprise, ecstasy and thankfulness. We were friends. He regarded me the god from the machine, edged about me, closer and closer, as the morsels fell nearer my feet. I am sure no one had ever fed



CINNAMON BEAR IN TREE TOP

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him doughnuts before. It was a dietetic revelation. It was something new, and, as such, he investigated me, with his black head atilt, his black eyes glistening, till at last he took doughnuts from my hand. At first, he scampered away as soon as he secured one, but soon he was "eating out of my hand"—think of it! a wild bear, fresh from the wild woods. And just then, just when I had his confidence, the old cook lady happened out of the kitchen and, seeing him, banged the gong and frightened him away. I remonstrated with her and she said, "Them pesky bears just bother me to death." Poor Billy! I suppose that in your brief life you never had anything as good as doughnuts. I doubt if you were ever quite full fed. I suppose you were always more or less hungry and, just when you had made a friend, and were looking down long vistas of doughnuts and such like grub, a fat Irish cook destroyed the dream. Doubtless you think that cook is some kin of mine—a friend, at least. Take this assurance that she is not. She interrupted love's young dream for me and, with a

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miserable gong that did not cost over fifty cents, annihilated one of the most promising friendships that I have ever known.

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Chapter 3.



SALT LAKE *and the* MORMONS

CERTAINLY you will not pass by Salt Lake when in Ogden. It is but forty miles south of Ogden and, on many accounts, one of the most interesting cities on the continent.

I do not know why—it was foolish—but somehow I had expected to find the Mormons different in appearance from other people; somehow marked and set aside and easily distinguishable. Of course, they are not. I had forgotten that much of that which distinguished the Mormons of an earlier day has passed, been modified or entirely foregone. That as a church today it does not, in its doctrines, differ greatly from other Christian sects. That railroads, travel, the influx of gentiles,

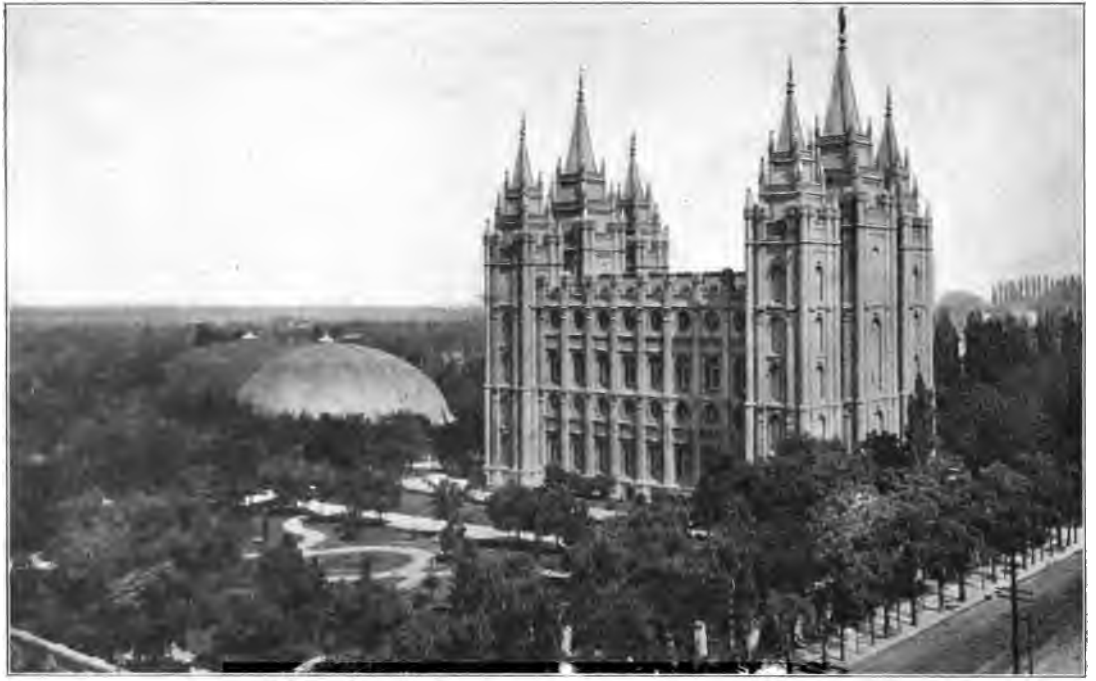
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have all combined to abolish the idiosyncrasies that, for many years, made the "peculiar people" a favorite mark for jesters and alleged humorists.

I found Salt Lake a beautiful city, beautifully placed, with wide, airy streets, an air of thrift and business, but, above all, scrupulously clean. I do not know anywhere of so clean a great city. Down each side of the main streets runs a little thread of water fresh from the mountains, and the streets are swept—one might almost say mopped—daily.

Of course, among your first objects of interest will be the Temple and the Tabernacle. The former you may not enter. None but Mormons in good standing are admitted to this sacred place, but you may admire its noble proportions, its architectural excellence, from every viewpoint, and wonder at its history. When Brigham Young set his foot down and said, "Here we will build a new Zion," one of the first things to be done was to select a site for the great Temple. For forty years the building went on, never hurried

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MORMON TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY UTAH.

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but never ceasing. The rich gave money, the poor gave labor; but all contributed, each according to his means. The stone was hauled fifty miles, mostly by ox teams. In the meanwhile, the Tabernacle was used as an auditorium, which, by the way, is one of the most remarkable edifices in the world. Everyone has seen a picture of it: the turtle-back roof, which is unique in architecture, self-sustaining without a supporting pillar in that vast auditorium—so vast that, standing by the entrance, you cannot distinguish faces on the platform, and yet the faintest whisper from there will reach you, making itself audible in any part of the building. At noon, each day, an organ recital is given on the great organ, the pride of the Church and one of the largest and finest in the world. The Mormons believe in music and dancing. There is nothing cold or chilly about their creed. They do not believe in meriting heaven by making earth a hell. David danced—why not Brigham Young? Tradition records that the latter was a lusty dancer, and taught his followers that music and dancing were harmless and acceptable.

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The organist of this church is one of the masters of his art, educated abroad at Church expense, so that the Mormons may have the best music there is. Every little Mormon settlement has its band and orchestra, and, whether in days of plenty or hours of famine, concerts and dances are encouraged.

No people has had a more singular history than this; none has been more maligned, misrepresented and libeled. The Mormons have had their faults; some things in their religion were distasteful to us; some things in their history can not be excused. But it must be said that the things religious, to which we object, have been eliminated, and the matters of history that are without excuse had, at least, terrible provocation.

Pardon a word or two historical to clear up a few of the many misconceptions about this people.

Of course, you all know that Joseph Smith found the Book of Mormon, written upon plates of gold, in the hill of Cumorah, near the town of Palmyra, New York, in 1823.

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He alleged that he was directed to the finding by the angel Moroni, who was the son of the prophet Mormon, the last leader of the Nephites, with whose history the Book of Mormon is principally concerned.

The book contained records of the wanderings of the Jeredites and Nephites for a period of several thousand years, added to from time to time. It was written in characters pronounced by, at least, one scholar of repute, to be Hebrew of an archaic type. At different times the plates were exhibited to eight different witnesses, all men of probity and good reputation, who, later, attested that they had seen and handled the plates. About this book there long raged a great controversy. It was alleged that it was a plagiarism from a romance written by an itinerant minister, one Spaulding. It is now conceded that there was no foundation for this story, and the origin of the Book, to all but Mormons, remains a mystery. Certainly Joseph Smith, an unlearned man, could hardly have written it. Disregarding the controversy as to its origin, the Book forms an interesting contribution to religious literature.

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Of the two nations whose history is recorded in the various plates, the Jeredites were first in time. They fled from the Tower of Babel, after the confusion of tongues, and were led across a great water, finally landing at some point near the Gulf of California. Here they grew, flourished and became a great nation, but eventually, because of their wickedness and idolatries, were totally destroyed.

The Nephites left Jerusalem, about 600, B. C., under the leadership of Lehi, of the Hebrew tribe of Manasseh. By revelation he was taught to build a ship, in which he set sail and landed at a point near the site of Valparaiso, South America.

After the death of Lehi there was a division, one branch taking for its leader Laman, the oldest son of Lehi, and the other Nephi, a younger son, who had been duly appointed to the prophetic office.

Thenceforth there was war between the two, the Lamanites finally exterminating the Nephites in a great battle waged on the hill of Cumorah, about 400, A. D. The last of the Nephites

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was Moroni, who wrote the latter portion of the book and concealed it where he, later, revealed its resting place to Joseph Smith.

Upon these books, as a new revelation, Smith founded the Mormon church, the "Church of the Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ."

Recognizing both the Old and New Testaments, engrafting upon them the Book of Mormon, there has grown up a great religious organization that, today, numbers more than a half-million thrifty, contented and happy people. Is it all a delusion?

Of course, such a story could not but excite the ridicule and derision of the many, but it found converts and followers among the few. Steadily, if slowly, its numbers grew and everywhere its members were persecuted. Understand there was nothing of polygamy in the earlier history of the Church. This doctrine was never sanctioned publicly till after the expulsion from Nauvoo, although, shortly before his death, it had been given out privately by Smith and practiced by him and others in the Church.

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It is hard to account for the horrible cruelties that were perpetrated upon these people everywhere. They were moral, law-abiding, good citizens. Until about 1845, there was absolutely nothing in their doctrines or observances that could offend the conscience of any Christian. They were mostly of New England stock — as good blood as America holds — and the ancestors of three-fifths of them had fought in the Revolution. But, driven by persecution from New York and Ohio, they founded a settlement in Jackson County, Missouri. As everywhere, they prospered, accumulated wealth, but they remained a peculiar people. They did not mingle much or intermarry with their neighbors. They were viewed with suspicion and finally driven out by armed ruffians, their property taken, their homes despoiled, and nameless outrages committed upon their women. They settled again in Clay County under an express promise of protection from the governor. Again they were driven out under the same circumstances of outrage and cruelty. Many were killed, and many more died of sickness and privation.

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Unwavering in their faith, they congregated at Nauvoo, on the Mississippi, in the State of Illinois, and there, believing that they had found a law-abiding government that would protect them, built up a beautiful and prosperous city that numbered nearly twenty thousand people at the time of the exodus.

The Mormons began to take part in politics. Holding the balance of power, they contributed to the election of Stephen A. Douglass to the Senate. In 1840, they supported Harrison as against Van Buren. The fires of persecution were again being kindled. Requisitions came from Missouri for Smith, but he was still strong enough to resist them. With this growing power, however, Smith, who had been a great leader, began to lose his sense of proportion. The doctrine of polygamy was secretly given out as a revelation and practiced by a few. He organized the Nauvoo Legion, with himself as lieutenant-general. In 1844, he ran for President of the United States. More and more the Mormons, solidified by the terrible pressure from without, began to modify

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their government, until it became known as one of the most despotic hierarchies the world has ever known. Allegiance to the Church was first before all earthly governments. Events moved quickly. The destruction of a gentile newspaper, in Nauvoo, by the orders of Smith, precipitated a conflict. Joseph, his brother Hyrum, and two others, finally surrendered, under a solemn assurance of Governor Ford that they would be protected and have a fair trial. They were taken to Carthage and there, on the night of June 27, 1844, were taken from jail, by the troops sent to protect them, set against a wall of the jail and shot without trial.

The expulsion from Nauvoo followed. Without trial or hearing, without even the form of law, they were driven out of their homes in midwinter, and their property confiscated, accompanied by circumstances of oppression, cruelty and insult that seem incredible.

Not long ago, the American conscience was revolted by Russian persecution of the Jews. But here in this fair land of ours, in the middle of the nineteenth century, those very crimes were paralelled upon people of our own blood.

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The exiles formed a temporary camp at Council Bluffs, Iowa, where they spent the winter of 1846-47. And here is a curious thing: From out of that camp of exiles, driven from the country for which their forefathers had fought, and expelled from their homes, a volunteer company was formed that fought bravely for the flag throughout the Mexican War. Despite their wrongs, their love of country was inexpugnable.

From Council Bluffs, the next spring, the first great exodus set out, and that summer their first settlement was made at what is now Salt Lake City. A more barren, unpromising site could hardly have been chosen. But Brigham Young, who had succeeded Smith, was far-sighted. Already planning that great organization, a combination of the Catholic hierarchy and the Standard Oil, he wanted a free hand. If he settled in a desirable region, the gentiles would take it from him. With absolute faith in his own genius as a colonizer and in the thrift and industry of his people, he took the barren sagebrush valley for the future home of the Saints. How well he

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chose the world knows, and their subsequent history, their abortive resistance to the United States, their final submission to the Edmunds Law, and the abolition of polygamy, their wonderful success and great wealth, are matters of common knowledge.

In that early history of theirs in Utah, there is much we would wish blotted out. They did wrong, but no greater wrongs than had been visited on them by the gentiles. They disobeyed the law, they took vengeance into their own hands, but not until the law had failed to save them from spoliation, outrage and death. Let us balance the account. It was a religious war, always the most horrible. It is ended now, and that peaceful, wealthy valley, and a hundred others, throughout Utah and the nearby States, attest the thrift and husbandry of these people.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the Church that Smith was killed. His martyrdom sealed, his faith atoned for much that might be condemned, and gave them for a leader the greatest colonizer the world has ever seen. Brigham Young was no

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visionary. Believing in the power of the Church, using revelation where necessary, he was the guide, organizer and father of his people. When



MONUMENT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

their hearts were faint, he prayed with them. When they were downcast, he told funny stories

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and cracked rude jokes. Everything, from the "set of an ox-bow to the setting up of a stocking," he knew and ordered. Of vast physical and mental power, indomitable, far-sighted, he ruled his people with an unquestioned authority that has not been surpassed in any age. The testimony to his work is there today; and, if you wish to know the real Mormons, go to Salt Lake, visit their schools and colleges, see their homes, watch their pleasures — then tell me if there is not something great, something profound and lasting, in this Mormon faith.

Here are its leading Articles of Faith, established by the First Prophet, and approved universally by the Church:

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

"We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression."

"We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel."

"We believe that the first principles and ordi-

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nances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost."

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc."

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God, so far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God."

"We believe that God has revealed all that He does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God."

"We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may."

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law."

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"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, 'We believe all things, we hope all things. we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.'"

I think it will be hard for any Christian sect to find fault with this declaration. I think it will be hard to find any Christian sect that more nearly lives up to its creed and puts its faith into works. It has justified itself. It is one of the great Churches of the world today; and, reassured by results, by character, thrift, home building, good citizenship, education, charity, or any of the standards of human life, it deserves the great place it has won for itself.

A word as to its church government. I have spoken of it as a combination of the Roman Hierarchy and the Standard Oil. On the church side, it has perfected an organization that is unequaled. The Church is parceled into

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"stakes," each presided over by an Elder of the Order of Melchizedek, or Superior Priesthood. Of this order, there are the three members of the First Presidency, who are over all; then the Twelve Apostles, two hundred Patriarchs, 6,800 High Priests, 9,730 Seventies, and 20,000 Elders. Below them in rank are more than 25,000 of the Lesser Priesthood. In the whole Church government there are more than 60,000, of all ranks.

The priesthood is something more than religious. It is secular, advisory in business affairs, regulating charity and the assistance of the poor; assisting in every way the material concerns of the members. From a system of tithes, the Church has built up great possessions. In spite of the vast confiscation enforced by the Government, under the Edmunds Law, the Church is still enormously rich, its credit of the highest; and its funds are systematically and wisely used to promote education, relieve distress from poverty and sickness, and to extend its missionary work in every country on the globe.

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From the outset, Mormonism was one. The rich must help the poor, and the strong must help the weak. To that, more than anything else, must be attributed the wonderful thrift of these people. Wherever they have settled, whether in the fat lands of Missouri and Illinois, or the deserts of Idaho and Arizona, the result has been the same. Poverty is almost unknown among them, because of this solidarity and this mutual helpfulness.

Of course, you will go to Saltair, on the Lake. I have no desire to be guide-bookish, but I am told that the dancing pavilion will accommodate 1,000 people on its floor at once. This does not interest me. If my partner is right, I should not care about the other 998. The bathing is unique. You cannot swim: the safe way is to sit up in the water, as you would in a chair, and just bob around. If you try to swim, your heels come up and your head goes down. A curious place, this Dead Sea of the Rockies. Once it covered the whole valley; then it shrank to almost nothing; then some centuries of increased rainfall swelled it to its present proportions. It has some fresh water tribu-

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SALTAIR BEACH—GREAT SALT LAKE

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taries like Bear River, but with no outlet it grows steadily more briny. Already they are beginning to utilize its saline qualities with great evaporating pans, and, some day, this will be a great industry.

More and more the Church is losing its peculiar position, sloughing off that which distinguished it, and, more and more, politics tend to divide on other than church lines. It is a good thing. The isolation of the Church is, perhaps, the leading cause of its past persecutions. Nothing else can account for it. As it tends to modernize, to become an integral part of the life about it, more ecclesiastical and less political, it will accommodate itself to modern thought and take its place among the great sects of the world.

Its days of persecution are past. Its need for isolation is ended. With its organization, brains and ideals, it will be a great force for progress. When it forsook polygamy it justified itself.

It showed that it was not a dead body, but a living growth ready to meet living problems with a live faith. For myself, I saw but little to criticise and much to admire.

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Chapter 4.

HISTORICAL and OTHERWISE



THE North American Indians, with their lofty imaginations and fine sense of imagery, often gave a nomenclature to natural objects that the Caucasian has never surpassed. To the Yellowstone Park region they gave the title of the "Summit of the World." No one has been able to improve on that. Compared to it the "Backbone of the Continent" is vulgar and puerile.

Simply as a watershed, it deserves the name. Wandering through it, turning and retreating upon itself in a sinuous line, is the Continental Divide, from which streams flow to both great oceans and to the Gulf of California.

The Madison and Gallatin rivers, gathering their floods on these plateaus and debouching

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on the north, reach the Missouri and, through nearly five thousand miles of wandering, discharge their melted snows into the Gulf of Mexico.

Green River, the principal tributary of the Colorado of the West, breaking through the southern barriers, finally loses itself in the Gulf of California.

On the west, the Snake, the great southern tributary of the Columbia River, augmented by countless streams, swells the giant flood that overwhelms the great tides of the Pacific and makes its way, by channels innumerable, to the western ocean.

At the very summit lies a tiny basin, Two Ocean Pond, whose like is not elsewhere. Perhaps three hundred yards long and fifty feet wide, from one end it drains by the Snake into the Pacific and, at the other, by the Missouri into the Atlantic.

That is the true Continental Divide. All the others are imitations.

Here, alone, the vagrant drop, moved by some tiny draught of air, may find its destiny in the ocean that washes the shores of Cathay, or, by

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RAINBOW TROUT OF THE MADISON

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the smallest different impulse, follow the Gulf Stream to where it sinks its identity in the Northern Sea.

A foot, one way or the other, in its fall or impulse, may separate it from its fellows by many thousands of miles.

As originally established, the Yellowstone Park was 61 miles by 53 miles, an area of a little over 3,000 square miles. By later enactments and proclamations it has been increased to 3,344 square miles.

The present administration of the Park is temporary. The breakdown of the political administrations led finally to the appointment of an army officer as acting superintendent. This arrangement, however, seems likely to become permanent, except as to some details to which I shall refer later.

As a whole, the Yellowstone presents itself as a vast plateau ranging from 6,500 to 8,000 feet above sea level. It is hemmed in on the east by the mighty barrier of the Absarokee Range that, further south, is denominated the Wind River

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Mountains. Through these there is but one outlet that is at all practicable—Sylvan Pass, 8,600 feet in altitude.

On the south, the Big Game Range presents another great mountain wall. On the northwest is the Gallatin Range, and, on the southwest, the Tetons repel the adventurous.

These mighty barriers are among the reasons that so long deterred exploration and settlement of this wonderful region.

It is a curious fact that this, the most wonderful, interesting and strange, part of the United States should have been the very last to be known, explored, delimited, and opened to the traveler. For this there were reasons other than its mountain isolation. Other regions more inaccessible than this, more forbidding, had been opened to settlement long before the Yellowstone was known, except by name. About it clustered myths. Vague rumors of its wonders percolated out to be laughed at and derided, but no one cared to verify or to disprove them until the Washburne-Doane expedition of 1870 finally settled the location, limits and wonders of the region.

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There were three principal reasons for this long isolation. The geological information was such that, whatever mineral deposits might lie below its surface, they had doubtless been rendered inaccessible by vast deposits of lava from the latest volcanic centers known on the continent.

As a hunting and trapping ground it was unavailable, because of its terrible winters, deep snows, and general inaccessibility at the time when trappers reap their harvest.

And then, above all, it lay between, and apart from, the great channels of communication between the east and the west. It was an inland Saragasso Sea, about which flowed the early channels of commerce and communication without ever crossing it. On the northwest, one great trail led up the Missouri and down the Columbia — the route of Lewis and Clarke. On the south, through the North Platte and across the divide, where is now Ogden, went another great road. But no trail crossed the Yellowstone. Occasionally, a wandering trapper touched its rim, saw nothing to tempt, and left it unexplored.

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So outside the great thoroughfares of that early day, with neither mineral nor pelts to tempt the early explorers, it remained a terra incognita until the year of our Lord, 1870.

The first mention of the "Yellowstone" is in 1798, in the manuscript of David Thompson, the explorer, who was long connected with the British fur trade in the northwest. He derived it from the Mandan Indians, cognate to the Sioux, who called it Mi-tsi-a-da-zi, "Rock Yellow River." Among the early voyagers it became Roche Jaune, Yellow Rock, and hence Yellowstone.

The first white man who ever saw the Yellowstone was David Coulter, a Missourian, who accompanied the expedition of Lewis and Clarke. When they reached Fort Mandan on their return, Coulter secured permission to leave the party and start on a trapping expedition. After two years' absence from civilization, he was still enamored of the wilderness and returned to it rather than to the "settlements."

He remained in the region of the forks of the Missouri until 1807. Starting homeward with his

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spoil he met, at the mouth of the Platte, one, Manuel Lisa, who had started to establish a fort and trading post somewhere on the headwaters of the Missouri.

Two things happened that influenced widely the American conquest of this region. Captain Lewis had been compelled to kill a thieving Blackfeet and Coulter, as a messenger of Lisa to the Crows, was involved on their behalf in a battle with the Blackfeet. From that on, the Blackfeet, a tribe of the Algonquin nation, were implacably hostile to the whites, and did much to hold back the exploration and development of the country; while the Crows, on the other hand, were almost uniformly friendly.

Coulter, returning from his expedition to the Crows, descended by the pass through the three Tetons and crossed the Yellowstone Park somewhere near the Lower Basin. A tar spring is still known as Coulter's Hell, from his description. He saw a few of the geysers and is, undoubtedly, the first white man who ever had a glimpse of any of these wonders.

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His return adventures included an encounter with the Blackfeet Indians in which he was stripped, made to run a race with their fleetest warriors, escaped and made his way, naked and unarmed, for three hundred miles, to the post at Three Forks.

Bradbury, the English traveler, saw him at St. Louis in 1810, and published an account of his wanderings.

At that time there were three great tribes of Indians who surrounded the Park and held all the ways, north and south, east and west: the Blackfeet of the Algonquins, the Crows of the Sioux, and the Bannocks and Eastern Shoshones of the Shoshone family. None of these lived in the Park or seemed to have visited it, except along the northern portion through which ran a faint trail evidently seldom traveled.

The only Indians who occupied the Park were the Sheep Eaters, a branch of the Shoshones, without horses or weapons, who lived, precariously, in huts of brush, by snaring animals. These Indians were feeble, poor and degenerate. Among

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them was a tradition of volcanic eruptions, of great fires and convulsions of nature. More or less, the other Indians were superstitious about the Park. Without exact knowledge as to its wonders, the Great Spirit had there made himself manifest. He was still at work and they avoided it. Even the Sheep Eaters inhabited only the northern portion and knew nothing, except by tradition, of the Geyser Basins.

For long the Hudson Bay Fur Company held this territory with its patriarchal sway until John Jacob Astor and the American Fur Company, following the Lewis and Clarke expedition, disputed their title. The Astor Company abandoned the field, but the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal, lawed the old company almost to its ruin, until a compromise was effected, in 1821, and the Hudson Bay Company held the field.

In 1834, Astor sold his interests to Platte, Choteau & Company of St. Louis, out of which Choteau laid the foundation of his great fortune.

About the same time the Rocky Mountain Fur Company was established, at whose head were

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General Ashley, of St. Louis, and William Sublette, one of the great figures of the time. Their head man was James Bridger, who almost deserves a chapter by himself. I do not intend to write a history of the American fur trade — others have done it better than I could — but James Bridger is really the first white man who discovered and explored the Yellowstone Park.

Bridger was long known as the monumental liar of the American West. At his death a friend proposed as his epitaph: "Here 'Lies' James Bridger." And yet most of Bridger's lies turned out to be true or, at least, to have foundation in fact. Before him Father De Smet, Warren Angus of the American Fur Company, and others, had touched the rim of the Park; but James Bridger is the real discoverer of its wonders.

Born in 1804, he was a celebrated character in the Northwest before he was twenty, and his life practically bridged the whole period till civilization came; and after countless adventures, life among wild men and wild things, he died peacefully in his bed, in Missouri, in 1881.

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It was said of him that he could, with a piece of charcoal, draw on the skin side of a buffalo robe, a complete map of the Rocky Mountains, with every stream and watershed and pass. He had a natural instinct for direction. He guided Sydney Johnston's army in the campaign against the Mormons. His trading post on the Platte was, for thirty years, the outpost of civilization, and his stories were the delight, envy and awe of all newcomers.

For instance, one of his favorite stories of the Park was the time that he sighted an elk and fired at him. To his surprise, nothing happened. He neither killed nor even frightened the elk. Creeping close he fired again. Still nothing happened. Time after time, still creeping closer, he fired his trusty "Old Betsy" without effect. Finally he discovered that between him and the elk was a cliff of glass, through which he could not only see the elk three miles away, but which, by its lens-like character, made the game appear within easy rifle shot. As a matter of fact, there is a glass cliff (obsidian—volcanic glass) in the Park, but it is far

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from transparent. Old Jim knew the glass cliff, and drew on his imagination for the rest.

Once he found a stream that flowed so swiftly over the rocks that the friction made the water hot. Again there was a modicum of truth. In one of the cold water streams, in its very center, is a hot spring that boils up from the rock bottom, and from it Bridger derived his fable of water boiled by its own friction.

One day he crossed a stream in the Park, and a little later discovered that his horse's feet were shrinking to mere pegs. It was a river of alum that had shrunk his horse's hoofs by contact. Nor was this all. Such was the effect of the alum river that his return trip was less than a quarter of his going journey. Here is the puckering power of alum reduced to the 'nth degree.

Among his fables was one of a "petrified forest," where everything—grass, trees, birds and animals —had turned to stone. Again there was a foundation of truth in it, for there is a real petrified forest, in the northeastern part of the Park, full of petrified wonders.

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Bridger's lies were so notorious, and his stories so improbable, that no one believed them and his tales passed, without notice or examination, as "Old Jim Bridger's lies," till 1859, when Captain Reynolds was directed to proceed to British America to observe the eclipse of that year and, incidentally, to explore the Yellowstone. It was early in the season, and his attempt to find a pass through the Tetons was a failure. After floundering through snowdrifts without progress, until the time of the eclipse drew near, he abandoned the attempt and that ended his expedition.

In 1869, the Government once more sent out an expedition, the Folsom party, that was a partial success. They discovered the Lower Geyser Basin, but were compelled by a shortage of provisions to retreat.

But, in the meanwhile, these different reports, fables and exaggerations had aroused interest, and, in 1870, General Washburne, who was then Surveyor-General of Montana, organized the expedition that first really "discovered" the Yellowstone and its wonders. With him were

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Nathaniel P. Langford, who became the first superintendent of the Park, who was long known as "National Park" Langford, and to whom, perhaps, more than to any other person, is due the existence and present purposes of the Park; Cornelius Hedges of Montana, who first proposed the idea of National Park; Truman C. Evarts of Montana, whose separation from the party, wanderings and sufferings would make a chapter alone; Samuel T. Hauser, who later became Governor of Montana, Walter Trumbull, a son of Senator Trumbull of Illinois; Benjamin Stickney; Warner C. Gillette, and Jacob Smith.

These were the civilian members of the party, and, as a guard and escort, General Sheridan detached Lieutenant Doane, and "one sergeant and four privates."

This party entered the Park by way of the Gallatin River, on the north, explored the Yellowstone, discovered its marvelous falls, found Yellowstone Lake, named Mt. Washburne and made a thorough exploration of the different geyser basins.

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It was the first scientific, authentic delimitation and description of all these wonders. Just before leaving the Park, while encamped at the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole rivers, Cornelius Hedges suggested the idea that this wonder region should be set aside as a national park and pleasure ground. The idea was adopted and from that night dates the fact that you and I may see these wonders without charge. From that hour, the night of September 19, 1870, which deserves a date by itself, began the idea of a national park. General Washburne died a year later, as a result of the exposure and privations endured on the trip. But Langford and Hedges, enlisting others with them, carried through Congress an Act constituting the Park, "dedicated and set apart as a public park and pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

Langford was made the first superintendent, without any salary, and so served for five years. He deserves the title of "Father of the Park." To him, more than to anyone else, we owe the motive, inspiration, and practical result of it.

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Naturally, speculators soon saw the possibilities of profit in it, as they had seen it earlier at Niagara. But for Langford they might have succeeded. Congress made no appropriations. But Langford and his allies, among whom was the late Senator Vest of Missouri, fought the grafters in and out of office, until, finally, the public awoke to the value of this great heritage of theirs, to the work that these unselfish men were doing for them without price; and, at last, the Park was established on a fair basis. Rules were made for its government, for the protection of its animal life, for its policing and the preservation to the public of its beauties. Like too many things that our Government does, it is only half-done. The scheme is wrong, but, at least, the Park is there free—open to you and to me and to our children. It has been saved from exploitation by grafters and parasites, and, sooner or later, it will be governed properly. The oftener you and I go there, and the more we talk about it, the nearer that desirable day will be.

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I suppose that, in this connection, I should say something geological, something about the climate. Well, the less said about the climate the better. It has no summer; "nine months winter, and three months late in the fall:" that is its climate. Sometimes it snows in June. Mostly there is a frost every month. It is not what you would call a good farming country. In fact, Nature, when she fixed it, seemed determined that it should be nothing but a summer resort, and have no attractions for any one but tourists and tourines. In short, that there should be no possible incentive to money-making anywhere within its limits.

You cannot even raise an onion in the Park. For agriculture, it is as valuable as the north side of a tombstone—just about.

Geologically, it is enough to set a scientific sharp crazy.

It is the last effort of Nature. The last expression of the forces that have molded, shaved, planed and dressed the planet to what it is. First, there was a great geological upheaval, just such as you can find anywhere in the Rockies.

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Rock uptilted and stratified—Miocene, Pliocene, and all the other 'cenes—Devonian, Red Silurian, and all the rest. Then came along the glacial period and planed and trimmed things. And, last of all, the internal fires began to get busy. Out of a thousand vents they vomited forth lava—the rhyolite formation that, today, distinguishes the whole region. And these vast flows filled the valleys, leveled the hills, and gave us those long, suave slopes, those soft contours, those gracious undulations, that so surprise you as you travel over the Park.

"And so the old dim years of long ago
Went by with fire and ice and fire and snow."

And so, today, as you wander through the Park, you are surprised by fields that look like the Mohawk Valley in New York, like the lower slopes of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, and in Tennessee. At every turn you look to see a log farmhouse or a "Cuppin."

Nature has not yet spent herself. She still reserves her marvels for daily view. You may see there a world in the making. New volcanoes

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bursting forth, old ones dying or extinct, and new formations still building. It is a half-finished house. All about, you may hear the Master Builder at work, with mighty heavings and pulsations and hammerings. All about, you may see his latest handiwork, his experiments, failures and successes.

And now, gentle reader, if you have come so far with me, after all these detours and meanderings, with your permission, we will enter the Park. Yes, we are there at the Gateway.

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Chapter 5.



IN THE PARK

HAVE you ever seen a real stage coach? Have you ever seen it, with its four horses, harness rattling, the whip cracking, circle up to the hotel and come to a stop at the exact inch—the driver with his slouch hat inclined rakishly, foot on the brake, and the general air of "Watch me and see how easy it is!"

And then the bustle of preparation, the stowing of the baggage, the squabbling as to who shall sit beside the driver: all so very different from a humdrum railroad trip.

You are back in the forties and you look for peg-top trousers and bell-crowned hats. Modern dress seems incongruous.

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So that morning, when we awoke at Yellowstone, in that sparkling atmosphere, and saw the big red coaches come dashing up, the four horses wheeling with mathematical precision to the platform, we felt a glow, a thrill of anticipation, that no mere railroad trip could possibly give.

You are allowed but twenty-five pounds of baggage, and it is a question of sorting and leaving. For myself, I elected to travel in a riding suit of heavy cords, none too heavy in that climate. Up there in the Park people are still talking about my trousers. They were made by a high-class tailor, the first he ever made, and I think he got the pattern out of *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Never has there been such a sartorial creation. The rear and front elevations are precisely alike, so that, at a distance, it is impossible to tell whether I am coming or going.

My party, besides myself, consisted of The Lady, the Little Lady, the Banker and Chuck and Spot. These last-named are not, as you might think, two setter pups, but a couple of college boys with all the peculiarities, implications and trimmings that go with the college boy. And speaking of clothes,

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by what mysterious consensus has the college boy arrived at his uniform universal, unvaried by parallels or meridians, the same from California to Maine? You know it. Item, one hat fantastically raked, with a rah-rah band. Item, one preposterous shirt and one noisy tie. Item, one coat padded at the shoulders, slashed at the sleeves, and much slanted as to pockets. Item, one pair of trousers, rolled at the bottom and flared at the hips, supported at the waist by a belt drawn to the last notch so as to give that broken appearance about the waist line, as though he were some new species of hymenoptera. No self-respecting boy would wear galluses; it would be a disgrace to admit that he couldn't keep his trousers up with a belt. Well, we had two of them, and their adventures on the trip, mostly of an amatory nature, would fill a book.

There are several ways of doing the Park. You may take a seat in one of the big comfortable stages that make the round trip in five days. You may do as we did: take your own surrey and driver and jog along easily, stopping where you

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will. That is the best way—the way I should recommend to a party—or, if you are fond of out-door life, Mr. Haynes will furnish horses, pack mules, tent and a guide, and you may leave the beaten highways, camp in the open, catch your own fish and cook them, and get back to the ground.

Our first driver was a boy of fifteen, at least he said that was his age, but no boy of that age could have acquired such a mass of misinformation. I never saw a grown man who knew so much that wasn't so. He had also discovered that the world was hollow, a mere fleeting show. I think he was troubled some about his immortal soul. He condemned all secular music. Jokes, laughter and mirth distressed him. I sat with him for six hours, and, at the end of that time, my joyous disposition was gone. The fountains of mirth dried up. That boy had the most blighting, withering effect of any creature I have ever known. In addition to that, all he knew about the Park was wrong. He located Junction Butte on the Firehole River, just eighty miles out of its

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place. He miscalled every stream and waterfall. And he was just as sure about his misstatements as an almanac, as positive as a patent medicine ad.

At the end of the first day, I called up Mr. Haynes and sobbingly asked for relief and got it. Dudgeon was detailed as our guide, philosopher and friend, and he filled the bill. He shall have a chapter all to himself, whether my publishers like it or not.

Well, at last, trunks had been ransacked, bags packed and unpacked and repacked, and we were off. The Cave of Gloom and I on the front seat; the Lady and the Banker next, and the Little Lady and Chuck and Spot together in the rear. This was fortunate, as some of the college stories they told the Little Lady would have horribly shocked the Worm; in fact, he warned them solemnly, in the middle of a college song, that the guards would arrest them if they sang any more such.

But not even the Blighted Being could wholly squelch us. We were too happy. The road at first lies through Christmas Tree Park, a great

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wilderness of the lodge-pole pine, each about the right Christmas tree size for a medium family. No wonder Mr. Pinchot says we need not worry about Christmas trees. There are enough here to keep us running for several hundred years, and that is all they are good for.

Within a mile or two we strike the Madison River, and here your surprises begin. I had expected mountains, cliffs, precipitous gorges, and awe-inspiring cañons from the outset. Not so. The road winds in and out by a tranquil stream that might be born in any eastern state. There are no mountains in sight—just big brotherly hills that make you feel comfortable and neighborly; hills that alternate the sombre green of the pine and the lively emerald of long grassy slopes. Once there was a waterfall, a most conventional, ladylike waterfall, nothing rude or boisterous about it. It dances and splutters and sparkles down some stagey rocks, in the most theatrical way, with the most self-conscious air. I more than suspect that an army engineer built that waterfall. It is as nice and precise as any West Pointer.

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At first you do not see much of the wild life of the Park. An occasional chipmunk or a squirrel pursues his affairs with that air of intense business that all small people affect. But, at the first, you are mainly concerned about the geysers.

That road, however, makes you forget everything. It is a French road, broad, well made, winding by grades almost imperceptible, here losing the river over a ridge, there descending to its very level so that you see the trout playing in the shallows and the long tranquil reaches where it lingers to rest in the shade of aspen and willow.

One historical spot we passed — National Peak — where, as I have said before, the idea of this National Park was first conceived.

The Encyclopœdia of Misstatements named it Junction Butte and told a long-winded story about a man who climbed up and couldn't climb down, a story that belongs fifty miles away, and the peak that he named belongs as far in another direction. But there we saw our first trout. Trout? Nay — a whale. Did you ever see a Loch Leven trout? It is the most beautiful fish that

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swims. This one measured twenty-three inches in length. I decline to give his weight; you would not believe me. He was caught by a camping party on the Firehole, and they came out and showed him and bragged over him and asked us to dinner. That is one beauty of the Park; ceremony, class distinctions, social position, clothes, pocket books and bank accounts are all forgotten up there. We are just a bunch of kids out for a good time.

I believe if I had stopped there I could have caught a fish. I never did but once, and I have fished in many lands. This particular fish that I caught got away, but I should know him anywhere. He looked to me bigger than Jonah's whale, and he had a moist eye and a frightened expression. Something about my appearance displeased him and he removed the hook and went away. Some day I shall meet that fish again—I know it.

Once I went fishing in Lake Killarney. You pay for the privilege, and there is a tradition that Brian Boru, or McCarty More, or some one else

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caught a salmon there, about 150, B. C. People have been fishing there ever since on the strength of that tradition. I finally asked my boatman if there were really any fish in the lake. "Sure, yer honor, lashins of thim." "Well, what kind?" "Oh, all kinds." "Any trout?" "Sure, fine big trouts." "Croppy?" "Sure, yer honor." "Bass?" "Sure, basses that long." "Any thermometers?" "Sure, yer honor, but" (confidentially so as not to excite my hopes) "this is not the saison fer thim; if you wor here in March now you'd see thim lapin all over the lake." I gave it up then. I concluded to wait till March.

Shortly before we reached the Fountain Hotel, we crossed Nez Perces Creek which recalls one of the most romantic and pathetic of our Indian wars — that with Chief Joseph.

In 1877, General Sherman, with a small party, passed through the Park, leaving it but a day or two before the Nez Perces entered it. The Nez Perces are acknowledged to be the finest tribe of red men on the continent. Early converted to Christianity, they were always at peace with us,

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and it was their boast that they had never slain a white man. An absolute breach of faith upon our part, the infraction of a solemn treaty, drove them to war. The campaign that followed was extraordinary. They were followed for 1,500 miles. Fifteen severe engagements were fought, in which we lost nearly 500 killed and wounded, and the Indians an equal number, before they finally surrendered. In their wanderings they crossed the Park twice. But, in all that time, no depredations were committed, nor non-combatants killed by authority of the chiefs. Joseph even bought supplies from the whites and paid for them when he might have taken them. Two small bands of marauders that left the main body killed two tourists and committed some other depredations.

At last, surrounded and defeated, they surrendered, but not until they had shown the most heroic courage and fighting qualities of the highest type.

I suppose the extinction of the red man is inevitable, but the fate of the Nez Perces, brave, chivalrous and doomed to destruction, excites my pity.

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At last we top a little hill, and far off is a spurt of vapor, a jet of steam. "Geezers," says Longbow. Naturally, I did not believe him, but for once, the only time, he was right. On rising ground, fronting the Fountain Geyser, is the Fountain Hotel. We were in time for lunch. We might have seen the sights, pushed on, and been at Old Faithful that night, but our truthful James stretched the distance, which is eleven miles, to nineteen; so we spent the night at the Fountain.

I am glad we did. Up on the hill near the geyser is a hot spring that, piped to the hotel bath-rooms, affords the most delightful bath I have ever taken. I do not know why, but there is some subtle quality in the water that leaves the skin like a baby's—some of nature's alchemy, one of her mysterious compounds that the chemists cannot duplicate nor even imitate.

And here we saw our first geyser. The Fountain is five minutes' walk from the hotel, and is liable to turn loose almost any time. Near it are the famous Paint Pots. Fancy a basin, perhaps

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a hundred feet across, filled with a viscous sticky-looking paste, that plop-plops exploding bubbles of mud here and there, shifting its colors through all the tints of the kalsominer's material. In fact, it is a kind of kalsomine and has been used for wall decorations with success. Not far from it is the Clepsydra, a warm spring that boils at intervals of ten minutes, then subsides to mere warmness. Now tell me, if you can, why that spring just boils once in ten minutes and then subsides? I studied it a long time; I have read everything I can find on it. There is some unsatisfactory solution for the big geysers that go fighting their way a hundred feet in the air. But why should this tiny spring, never boiling over, always within the limits of its little pool, all gleaming with turquoise and sapphire, just once in so often boil, then quit boiling?

At the Fountain we found the first of the Park hotels, and one of the best, where all are good. At the Fountain we met Mr. and Mrs. G., of New York. You know how it is; traveling a beaten route you meet the same people over and over

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MEALS "A LA CART"

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again till finally you begin to smile at each other and speak, and then you find that they know the A's, who are particular friends of yours, and then you have something in a glass with ice in it and you are blood brothers.

That was the way with Mr. G.; we kept meeting him until we just had to speak, and quite a large chunk of our pleasure was their very delightful companionship. Mr. G. was a college boy once himself (stroke oar in one of the great boat races and still has the biceps), but I fancy that about all the exercise he has taken for some years is signing checks.

And here we saw our first bears. All the Park hotels have a garbage pile, where the refuse from the kitchen is dumped once a day, and here the bears come from the woods for meals "a la cart." The garbage place at the Fountain is some distance from the hotel, and that summer a particularly ugly old she-grizzly and two cubs had taken possession of it, and it was considered unsafe to go near them. Two of the soldier guards stand there with their rifles and heavy service revolvers

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to keep us from approaching too closely and to guard against the bears. This reassures us. We know they are wild bears; that there is no hippodrome about it. Your first sight of a real wild bear there in his native woods gives you just a little thrill. It is not like a caged or menagerie bear. You realize that there are possibilities of danger and when, just at dusk, they came galloping down the hill—three of them, a mother and two half-grown cubs—it was an event.

The mother was very suspicious and, when she stood up to sniff for danger, she looked as big as the side of a house.

Our route the next morning to Old Faithful and the Upper Basin lay by what is known as the Middle Basin.

The fountain and the great fountain geysers give but little idea of the forces of nature that are at work. As you approach the Middle Basin, playfully known as Hell's Half-Acre, you begin to appreciate just what is doing here. You pass forests denuded of foliage by explosions from the mud volcanoes and geysers. Whole tracts of pas-

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ture land seared and burned by noxious gases and poisonous waters. As you cross the Firehole, you reach the greatest geyser in the world, the Excelsior. One eruption of this geyser, in 1888, raised the level of the Firehole River, a considerable stream, six inches. It has been inactive since; but its great basin, three hundred feet across, boils and grumbles and threatens. No one knows when it will break forth



EXCELSIOR GEYSER

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again. It has been there for ages, but only one authentic eruption has been recorded. There are Prismatic Lake, and smaller springs and geysers innumerable. In fact, in the Lower and Middle Basins, there are twenty geysers and more than a thousand hot springs.

Everywhere the world is still a-making, and, as you walk across the "formation," as the deposits are called, and feel the ground tremble under you and vague groanings and threatenings from beneath, with spoutings and hissings and roarings on every side, you are entirely willing to have lived after the process of earth building was pretty well done.

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Chapter 6.

OLD FAITHFUL



I HAVE purposely forborne to say much about geysers until we had made our bow to Old Faithful, the finest of them all. I saw it first in company with a fat man from Tennessee. The fat man had lunched at the Fountain without seeing its geysers. He did not believe in them. He was not afraid of them. He was not only contemptuous, but even disrespectful. He had seen the President in eruption. Heard him talk to a Tennessee congressman who wanted an undesirable citizen appointed to a federal office, and no "geezer" could scare him. No, sir; he wouldn't be afraid to go right up and shake hands with 'em.

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So we went, in due season, to see Old Faithful. The fat man stood on the very brink of the unfathomable chasm from which the fountain springs. Railed at it and made fun of it. By and by, it gave a sigh, spluttered up eight or ten feet and subsided. "There," said the fat man, "what did I tell you? Nothing to be afraid of; just a little tea kittle business." Just then Old Faithful started. Up and up the gigantic jet of water went, as though it would never stop. The fat man called on his Maker, fervently, and sat down in a puddle of warm water that Old Faithful had provided for that purpose. Then he left the formation, the little hill that the geyser has made for itself in its thousands of years' flow. Left the formation, did I say? Well, I despair of conveying an idea of his speed. The winner of the Marathon race was a caterpillar in molasses compared to that gait. I saw him some hours afterward, but he had not yet recovered, and spoke of "them damn geezers" in an awestruck voice.

There are geysers and geysers, but Old Faithful holds the palm. Its waters hold in solution, and

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deposit about its crater, a silicious formation of very slow growth. As the water flows, a trifle of this silicate is left each time. By calculating the growth, within known times, we arrive at the conclusion that this particular geyser has been bursting forth, at the same interval of sixty-five minutes, for something like a million years. Think of that! Never failing, always on time, so that you may set your watch by it. Through all that incalculable, inconceivable period, it has thus thrust itself up and fallen back. Now, why, *why*, does it do it just once in so often? All about it are other geysers, some larger, some smaller, but all more or less irregular save one. Old Faithful, therefore, sets itself apart — distinguishes itself — from all others.

Hour after hour, and time after time, you go to see it without wearying. It is a new miracle each time — stupendous, awesome.

You stand above the cleft from which it emerges and hear, far down, tiny whisperings, little sighs as though some animal turned in its sleep. Then a boiling caldron forces itself almost to the

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lip of the pool. It looks threatening and you retreat. But an invincible fascination draws you back. The crepitation increases. The boiling waters surge higher and higher, till there is an outpouring perhaps ten feet in height. Then you fall back, for this is the preliminary warning. You wait and wait, and then, suddenly—without warning or premonitory sound—a vast jet of hot water and steam and spray soars upward. Up and up and up, until it seems as though it would never stop. The sun strikes its edges into prismatic brilliance. A drapery of mist enfolds it and one wide pennant of steam and foam floats away to the leeward. It is solid, yet intangible. Palpable, evanescent, fugacious, and when at night they turn the great searchlight on it, and it sparkles and glows with an inward fire, and melts and dissolves and re-forms, you feel so inadequate, so petty, your little store of language so futile to describe it.

And then you think how long it has performed that hourly miracle when no eye saw it; you imagine the thousands and thousands of years during which

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that superb spectacle has wasted itself on an empty land, and you are solemnly glad that you have seen it.

And now a word as to the "why." Geysers have been the subject of much scientific investigation, intensely interesting as they are, and the scientific world has generally come to accept the Bunsen theory, that more or less accounts for both the boiling springs and the eruptive springs, or geysers. These springs are long tubes, large or small, filled with water, resting at the bottom, at some unknown depths, on the internal fires of the earth. If the tube be large enough and communication with the surface free, the steam forces its way out gradually, condensing in the water and raising that to the boiling point. These hot springs boil and bubble continually, but, because of the free escape of the steam and its regular condensation, do not, as a rule, overflow their basins.

And if the geyser tubes are smaellr, circulation is impeded. As the steam forces its way upward, the condensation ceases. The outlet for the steam is closed; the pressure, already great

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CONE OF GIANT GEYSER

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at that depth, is increased enormously, until at last the steam simply explodes, as it would in a boiler, forcing out before it the contents of the tube until such time as the pressure is relieved, and the process renews itself. The greater the heat below, and the smaller the tube, the greater the force with which it is expelled. Thus the Giant Geyser rises to a height of two hundred and fifty feet; the Giantess to two hundred, while Old Faithful varies from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy-five feet.

Once a Chinese washerman in the Park had a brilliant thought. He would build his laundry over one of those warm springs. Fuel would cost nothing. So thought—so done. The first washing, well soaped, went in. In about five minutes the spring became a geyser, blew the building, washing and Chinaman a hundred yards, and then cheerfully resumed its ordinary boiling and bubbling. The explanation was that the soap created a viscous surface on the water, prevented the escape of steam from below and turned the spring into a geyser. Any interruption of the

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escape of the steam will turn a mere boiling spring into a geyser. Even stirring the top of some of them with a stick will make them erupt. So you are solemnly cautioned not to tease or annoy the geysers. You can't tell what may result.

Bunsen's theory is all right, as far as it goes. He found it in Iceland, but I confess that it does not explain the Yellowstone. It does not tell us why one geyser should go off once a minute, another once in sixty-five minutes, while others go off when they get good and ready. The Excelsior, that broke all records, has been quiescent since 1888. The Giantess varies in her intervals from three days to a week.

All of this is in the Upper Basin, and really the geysers are not the sum of it. Scattered everywhere are innumerable (literally so) boiling springs, warm springs and geysers of every kind. There are twenty-six geysers in sight from the inn and, within easy walking distance, four hundred hot springs. Some of these are alone worth the price of admission—the Sapphire, the Emerald, the Morning Glory and a dozen others. I wish that

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I could give just a faint picture of the Morning Glory Spring. Imagine a perfect morning glory, just opened before the sun has struck it, still wet with dew; imagine it magnified a thousand times and then imagine a crystalline spring, boiling up from its very heart, decorating the iridescent walls of its chambered refuge with innumerable diamonds, sparkling, flowing, retreating, changing every instant, a spring down whose opaline depths you can look and look and never see the bottom; fancy diamonds, turquoises, sapphires and emeralds in a setting of the purest crystal, so that every facet is replicated a hundredfold, and you may then get some glimpse of that glorious fountain. There is nothing like it in the world. Science stands before it baffled. Art cannot reproduce it, nor language describe it. You hang above it dazzled, fascinated, hopeless of ever remembering it. In shape and color it is a true morning glory, but what flower ever had that vanishing, elusive recrudescence. What flower could ever glow and flame and fade and flame again as that spring does? One might imagine a geyser, some one might

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describe it, but, when you approach the Morning Glory Spring, language fades, the vocabulary halts, the palette is worthless. Go and see it. Don't ask me to describe it.

The show place of the Park is Old Faithful Inn. By the way, do you know the difference between an inn and an hotel? Two dollars a day; and Old Faithful is worth it. If you have been in northern waters, you know those great, high-peaked log houses that decorate the Fjords of Norway. One of them has been transplanted to the Yellowstone, but magnified until you hardly know it. Fifteen thousand square miles of woodland have been searched to make a harmonious construction. It is a log house sublimated, raised to the 'nth degree. The lobby is sixty feet from floor to ceiling. The great chimney holds twelve fireplaces. The great brass clock ticks off the hours with a pendulum twelve feet long. Gallery above gallery the floors rise, and, crowning all, is an observatory from which the great search light illuminates Old Faithful and flashes the message of civilization to the wandering bears in the nearby

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woods. You sleep in a room with log walls, where the electric juice responds to your touch, hot water flows from the faucet, and a bebuttoned bell boy answers your call.

You eat in a room that is the last expression of a "lodge in some vast wilderness," where the latest French cookery tempts your appetite, and a gray squirrel leaps on the table and steals the remnant of your muffin, as unafraid as a prepaid boarder.

The stairways are puncheons, laid flat side up, and the banisters are crooked pine knees for which all the woods of the Park have been searched to make them exactly alike.

Above the great lobby is a gallery, big enough for a state convention and floored for dancing. Here Chuck and Spot cut out two princesses, organized a dance, ran all the other boys into the woods, and held the field against all-comers. I have never learned the full history of that evening, but I imagine it would be worth writing up. About midnight Spot and his princess tired of the dance and retired from the world to the big front piazza. They took a seat just below his mother's window. I am ashamed to say it, but she listened.

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But it was Greek to her. Modern slang, dashed with vaudeville wit, utterly unintelligible to her ears, as, in fact, is most of the private conversation of Chuck and Spot.

Recalling the stately and ceremonious wooing of her own girlhood, she was just a little bit shocked.

"Gee, kid, but I'm stuck on you. I could chin with you all night."

He: "That's all right, honey. Close your face a minute, I want to smoke."

He: "Honey, I should think you'd make your mother a lot of trouble."

She: "I do, kid, but I'm on the square, if my mother is a washerwoman."

This from a young lady whose papa owns most of his native town and has a mortgage on the rest. *"O Tempores! O Mores!"*

This new species of hymenoptera to which Chuck and Spot belong is just a little beyond us. The Lady can only sit and wonder. They speak a language of their own, a dialect foreign to my

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ancient ears, I confess it. I am a troglodyte. They belong to the age of aviators and wireless telegraphy. Just what our beloved tongue will be when they get through with it, I shudder to think. Already I find myself in a foreign land, and my mother tongue has been married so many times she has forgotten her first husband.

Old Faithful has its complement of bears. Just a little way back of it you may see, at sunset, black and brown and grizzly he and she bears, cubs, and two-year-olds (I think we counted twenty-four that night); and, after the great search light was turned on, we went to the roof with the glass and watched the light flash upon them. Some of them paid no attention to it; just went on feeding. Some of the newcomers took fright and climbed trees. But most of them looked at it unconcernedly, faced it with their beady eyes glistening against its refulgence, dared it to come on, and resumed their eating.

They know, the older ones, that nothing can hurt them there so long as they behave.

Old Faithful is, of course, the most famous of

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all the geysers, and the inn the most celebrated of the Park hotels. Justly so, but something of this is due to their accessibility. You may leave Ogden at night, be in the Park the next morning, where a short day's drive sets you down at the inn. There, in one day, you can see the whole basin, for all these wonders are within easy walking distance from the hotel; see within that one day's time more marvels than any other region in the world holds in one place, return to the railroad in time for the night train, and be gone but three days. In short, you can break your Overland trip at Ogden, and in three easy days get a very fair idea of the Park, learn all about geysers, see the bears, and have enough to brag about for a year. I do not recommend this short trip, unless you are too busy to take a longer one; but it is one of the gratifying things about the Park, set apart as it is for the use and enjoyment of all the people, that it can be reached so easily, comfortably, and cheaply. In fact, there is no other trip, that I know of, that the people of this country can take and see so much for so little money and in so short a time.

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YELLOWSTONE LAKE FROM HOTEL

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Chapter 7.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE



AT Old Faithful the child of woe left us, by request, and Mr. Haynes turned us over to Dudgeon, who, from there on, piloted us. I would not have you think l'Enfant Terrible is a typical driver—far from it. He was an extra; an accident. I would like to think that we did something to lighten his burden. I did my best to lift the pall of gloom that he carried, and I do think at the last that he looked upon the world with a less jaundiced eye. I hope that, when these few lines meet his eye, he will be better; that my merry laughter and ingenuous mirth may have had some effect on him.

Most of the drivers are veterans. They have driven stages from Old Mexico to the Saskatch-

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ewan. They are grizzled, weather beaten, full of quaint lies and mysterious quips and jests that none but they understand. Some of them, like Dudgeon, are college boys earning a few dollars in vacation, and looked upon with awe by their elders. I asked one of the old timers if it were not a fact that most of the drivers were college men. "Well," he said, "I don't know much about this college business—never seen one in my life. You see I was raised down hyur at Jackson's Hole and they ain't much on college down there." He ruminated his tobacco; spat reflectively. "I believe, though, I hearn tell that the feller that drives 66 graduated from the Keeley Institute, wherever that is. I reckon it's some kind of a college."

The bubble reputation. Here is a reformed drunkard, looked up to as a superior being, because he graduated from an "institute."

The morning we left Old Faithful it was rainy. One of those soggy, sodden, drippy days that should, by rights, have put us all to the bad. But it didn't. There was too much to talk about, too

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much to wonder over, too much to look forward to. After a mile or two the Lady lifted up her voice in song, and Dudgeon joined in with a mellow tenor that would have coaxed a bird out of his tree. He knew all the songs and could sing them. By and by, Chuck and Spot got to disputing about a collegiate football game. Dudgeon leaned back and corrected them. It turned out that he had played in sixteen inter-collegiate games, and, from that time on, he melted into our party as naturally as though he had grown up with us.

I do not recall much of that road to the Thumb; it passed with jest and laughter and song. What mattered soggy ways and dripping skies, as we carried with us all that was necessary to human happiness. Neither the superb view of the Three Tetons, the beautiful sapphire gleam of Shoshone Lake, which you glimpse at one of the turns, nor the wonderful corkscrew hill, one of the roadmaking feats of the Park, could move us much to wonder or delay us long. I remember that, somewhere on the road, we crossed the

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Continental Divide twice. We crossed Two Ocean Pond, an exquisite little mountain mirror broidered with superb Cape Cod pond lilies, whence the waters drain both ways, to the Atlantic and to the Pacific. Something I recall of wayside jest and laughter, of college stories that made the Little Lady shriek with mirth; of old songs resung and of new stories retold — things that made Dull Care go hide himself, and poor, old, crippled, age-worn life go jigging down the muddy highway to long forgotten tunes. At last, and all too soon, we turned the hill and saw, far below us, Yellowstone Lake — a peculiar, mysterious, body of water lying far up among giant mountains, 7741 feet above sea level. It is the largest body of water in the world at that altitude, or, if you prefer it the other way, it is the highest lake of its size. Only Lake Titicaca and Lake Tahoe are higher, I believe.

It has a shore line of a hundred miles and an area of 139 square miles. Its waters are fed mainly from the melting snows of the Absaroka Range and various thermal springs that are

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FISHING CONE—YELLOWSTONE LAKE

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scattered all about its watershed. One of these, just at the Thumb, was the origin of one of Jim Bridger's celebrated lies. He swore that he had caught a trout in the cold water at the bottom of the lake, and, drawing it up through a hot current, brought it to the surface cooked and ready to eat.

As a matter of fact, there is, on the very shore of the lake, a hot spring, and it is not uncommon to stand upon its "formation," and, after catching a trout from the lake, drop it into this spring and boil it on the hook.

For, be it known, this is the fishing place par excellence of the Park. The Government has stocked the lake and its tributary streams with different varieties of trout. In fact, it is said that the lake is so overstocked that the fish are becoming subject to a parasite due to underfeeding, or to overstocking. Will you not, please, do something to relieve this piscatory congestion by just going there to catch a few of them? As for myself, I hold the diamond-studded belt. I am the world's "champeen." I am the only man that ever cast a line into that lake without catching anything.

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I have said that the lake is mysterious. Its watershed does not account for its volume or depth. It has changed its outlet twice, first flowing one way to the Atlantic, then to the Pacific, and now again to the Atlantic. It is subject to strange storms, for which its winds do not sufficiently account. At times there passes over it a strange moaning sound that no one has ever been able to explain. Lightning strikes its surface from a clear sky. Is this a traveler's tale? I tell you true, that, more than once, the levin bolt has proven fatal when not a cloud was to be seen. In 1885, one of the members of a Government surveying party was so stricken and killed.

Its water seems like other water. It dimples in the wind, sparkles in the breeze. Its waves caress the shore with the same vague whisperings that other waters have, and yet, at the last, there is something austere about it; something chill, remote, inhuman. You feel about it a threat; a something sinister; menacing. You would never trust it, nor love it, as you would the Italian lakes or the waters of lower altitudes. Its scenery

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is magnificent, perhaps unapproached. On the south is Mt. Sheridan and his brothers, lofty, snow-capped peaks. Over there are the great breasts of the Three Tetons, on the east the "Sleeping Lion," and all about it vast ranges, fold on fold, rising one above the other to the very sky itself.

I do not know of any mountain-view that compares with that from the terrace of the Lake Hotel, when the air is just right. Certainly nothing in Switzerland, and nothing else in the Rockies, or Sierras, is like it. Perhaps, hidden away in the Andes, there may be lakes and views like this, but not elsewhere.

The lake lies in shape like the human hand; the thumb is one of its bays, where we found an eating station, and whence you may go on, by road, past the wonderful Natural Bridge, to the Lake Hotel; or you may take ship and cross the lake, an easier and pleasanter trip. We chose the latter. Here an excursion crowd overtook us and, for the first and only time in the Park, we were overcrowded. Two launches await the tourist here for

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LAKE HOTEL

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the lake trip, and, selecting the largest, we secured our seats and waited for the start. Waited? Yes, and then waited and waited some more. Finally we perceived the cause of our delay.

A fat man came slowly out of the dining room, picking his teeth, and leisurely lit his cigar. A thin woman followed. The fat man stopped to explain something to her. The captain tooted his whistle. The fat man paid no attention. He put on his overcoat and started down the hill. We began to hope. All at once he stopped and, by his gesticulation, was evidently telling a long story to the thin woman. We began to hate him. The captain rang the bell and blew his whistle. The fat man acknowledged the attention and continued to dribble down the hill at the pace of a nonogenarian snail.

At last, he came near enough so we could see him, and then we hated him worse than ever. I have no personal feeling against obesity, but this man was young. George Ade says that a harelip is a misfortune and a club foot an affliction, but that side whiskers are a man's own fault. I hold to the

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same view as to early avoirdupois. No young man has any right to be fat. It denotes a lack of will power, laziness, over-eating, self indulgence, and some more things that I will think of later. This creature was not only shamefully sebacious, lymphatic, a perfect jellyfish in form, but he had a slack jaw, a pendulous under lip. His eyes watered, he was unshaven, his trousers bagged, and, above all, he was loquacious. Talkative? That critter had inherited all the original seven baskets of talk, that Eve found under the Tree, and had them yet. No one is allowed to carry a gun up there, and I hated to kill him with my bare hands, because it would have mussed up my clothes; so he still lives. Somewhere, he pollutes this fair planet. Somewhere, the thin woman hangs upon his words and everyone else longs to kill him. I hope someone will.

The lake trip was interesting. A small thunder-storm pursued us a long way, but finally gave it up. We saw an osprey fishing; saw him make his catch and bear it away to his nest. We saw the big pelicans that, in that rarefied air, look like a ship in the distance.

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We saw two bears, that had been fishing in the shallow water along the shore, scramble to cover when they saw us, and, at last, we saw the Lake Hotel. To my mind, this is the most comfortable spot in the Park. It faces one entire length of the lake, is thoroughly modern in every way, delightfully kept, and I would have willingly lingered there longer.

We had barely arrived when the porter informed us that it was feeding time, and we started for the bears. You go around the back of the hotel, past the meat house that is really a vault, logged and timbered and double locked to keep out the bears, follow a little road through thick woods and strike an open glade where the bears come to eat.

We were early, but one old mother bear had brought her cub down to be duly in time. It was quite apparent, later, that this cub was not a favorite. He was perhaps a year old, a whiney, disagreeable thing, constantly starting rows, and he looked to his mother to take care of him. Twice he had to climb a tree to get away from

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some of his justly outraged comrades. I judged from her expression, and a few remarks she made to him, that his mother was beginning to get tired of him, and it is quite probable that, by this time, he is shifting for himself. The old lady showed every symptom of sending Little Willie to the orphan's home.

One huge cinnamon brought two cubs with her, and sent them up a big pine to wait while she supped. I know of nothing more cunning, more attractive, than one of those cubs roosting in a tree. He hangs his little fat stomach over a branch and looks down at you with his little ears cocked, and his toes just out of reach, and hollers "Mamma!" whenever you get too close.

By and by the supper party began to arrive. There were bears of all sizes and colors, their coats shading from the glossy black through the cinnamon to a scrawny grey that looked as though the owner had been picked. At last, down the road came the cart with a steady old grey horse drawing it, four cans of garbage, and a whole troupe of kodak fiends.

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How they got that garbage cart privilege, I never found out—made love to the scullion, I suppose. Anyway, the Lady reproached me bitterly because she did not have a seat in that



MEAL TIME

garbage cart. Curious, isn't it? Just then she would rather have sat on a swill-can than with kings, emperors and potentates. So would I.

If you go there, suborn the scullion (he is pur-

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chasable), and then you will be among the elect, for the cart drives right out among the bears. A half-grown boy gets out, tumbles down a big garbage can, kicks a bear, as big as the side of a house, out of the way, slaps another on the nose, and distributes his refuse in a long row so that all may eat.

I thought—perhaps I was mistaken—that I could see their various relationships. For instance, one glossy little fellow seized a succulent bone and another of the same size grabbed the other end. There was no scrap; they seemed to agree, and dragged it off to the woods together. The mangy grey, the scrubbiest-looking bear in the lot, grabbed an enormous soupbone and, ducking and dodging like a quarterback with a football, reached the woods with it unmolested. All at once a row started. Just the origin of it I did not see, but two magnificent big black bears were on their hind legs, biting and buffeting and cussing each other, and in a second every bear was on his hind legs ready for a scrap.

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Meanwhile, the old she cinnamon calmly went about her business, taking the best in sight, while her two cubs gravely watched her with thorough confidence that Mamma could take care of herself anywhere.

The spoiled child kept edging in, but all the bears seemed to have it in for him. Every approach of his was resented, and he had to wait till the last one had finished his meal and then take what was left. As night fell, and the great lumbering forms vanished in the forest, Little Willie was finally permitted to come whining and sniffing for what was left, manifestly very little.

All this time, while we were trying to edge in and get snapshots of them, we were continually warned back by the soldier guards, when, right out there, in the midst of the bears, those favored beings who rode in royal triumph on the garbage cart, were getting views of them within ten feet. We were solemnly warned by those pampered menials of Uncle Sam, that it was dangerous; whereas, right before our eyes, the elect of the garbage cart, the friends of the scullion, were making bears sit up

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and look pleasant and pose like a lot of girl graduates.

Don't tell me that the army is any good. Ever since they excluded me from the intimate association of those most delightful bears, and let the dishwasher's friends in, I am against the whole thing. I do not think that the simple fact that I was not a lifelong friend of the fourth assistant cook, or the onion peeler or some other kitchen dignitary, is any cause for a bear to bite me. I think I would have been just as safe out there as the first lady of the bedchambers, or the assistant custodian of the cuspidors.

Possibly nowhere else in the Park, however, jesting aside, do you have so near a view of bruin. Nowhere else is there such a variety or so interesting a spectacle. There are no grizzlies, but every other variety in the Park, of every age and sex, is to be seen here; and, even with all the soldier warnings, you are allowed to get within easy snap shot of them.

The boat company on the lake has a whole fleet of row boats and launches, and on a Sunday morning Spot and Chuck and I went fishing.

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FISHING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

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I knew well it was useless. I am no fisherman, though I have the fisherman's temperament. I can sit and watch a line as long as any one, if the bait hold out. Years of unvarying disappointments have steeled me to it. I know I shall never get a fish over the gunwale of the boat. But I am lucky on bites. I have as many bites to my record as any fisherman of my years. And, after all, how much better that is. I am no murderer. No fish can point the finger (excuse me, the fin) of scorn at me and say: "There goes the man that killed my dad."

I have all the delicious thrill that the most scientific disciple of Walton ever had. I feel the pole bend; the line burns through my fingers; the reel sings its high cicada-like note; I have a bite. That is all. I never land him; but what matters that. I can buy all the fish I want to eat—fish that some heartless man has pulled up on the bank and watched their iridescent, gleaming scales fade, gloated over their death agony, strung them in a row, and gone about bragging how many there were, and how much they weighed. I love to fish, but my temperament is too gentle to catch them.

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They know it. No fish would harrow my feelings by making me his executioner.

Not three hundred feet from us two soldiers pulled out a half dozen big ones within a half hour. Nearby, even a woman (and women are the worst of fishers, except for men) caught two, while we watched the lake slip tranquilly down to the beginning of the Yellowstone River, all unmindful of the rugged path it must soon travel. It was a heavenly day. The lake crinkled and smiled at us. Little mountain airs sifted down from the high peaks and the never-melting snows. Even Chuck and Spot were tamed—forbore to fuss with each other or to contradict their elders. We caught no fish, but we had a lovely day just the same.

All about the Lake Hotel are charming spots—some by road over those splendid highways, and others by launch or row boats. One could idle away weeks there and see something always new, morning and night, as the sun rises or the moon goes down; find new paintings of cloud and shadow and rose and pink; new mountain effects or old ones retouched by a master hand.

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Chapter 8.

The CAÑON and its GRIZZLIES



ONE would never think, in leaving the Lake Hotel, and following the tranquil course of the Yellowstone River, that before it lay one of the most wonderful gorges, one of the stormiest and most turbulent passages of any stream in the world. It is the outlet of the lake flowing northwardly to the Missouri, and we followed it for twenty miles. A placid, domestic sort of a river; no rapids; no falls; just meandering lazily along as though it had little to do and no hurry about that. Nowhere are its banks precipitous, nor its scenery startling.

Just after you leave the Lake Hotel, across the valley of the Yellowstone, you observe a great hill all white on its side. That is the celebrated

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Sulphur Mountain, where pure sulphur is turned out in nature's laboratory while you wait. If this were a commercial proposition, its slopes would be lined, like Ætna, with sulphur miners; but, as it is, the sulphur simply accumulates year after year.

When the Washburne party passed down the Yellowstone, in 1870, they found on this same road a new mud volcano. The foliage on the trees was hardly withered, yet covered with mud, for three hundred yards around, thrown from this new crater. That volcano is now extinct, but another has formed within a stone's throw from the road. Just as a curiosity it is worth observing, but I had rather not be a neighbor to it.

The crater is, perhaps, a hundred feet across—a boiling seething nasty basin of sticky-looking mud; a witch's caldron that heaves and bubbles and, now and then, explodes with terrific violence, throwing its evil smelling contents for a hundred feet around. There is always warning enough to escape the eruptions, but it is exciting enough at that.

Of all the freaks in the Park I think this is the

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most repulsive, yet one of the most interesting. Once more I pause to inquire. Tell me, you scientific sharps, where does the mud come from, and why does it not exhaust in time? You give it up? I don't blame you. You can explain most things, but the Yellowstone keeps you guessing. Just beside the mud volcano is a little gem of a cave, all glowing with gold and azure from mineral deposits. From its side, rhythmically pulsating, a little jet of sulphur water is cast against the opposite side.

All about, the ground reeks with sulphur. Little vapors issue from cracks in the ground. Hades is close. It is interesting, but uncomfortable. From Sulphur Mountain, five miles away on the other side of the river, and clear underneath it to this spring, there is some subterranean connection, for the ground all smells alike.

It is all sulphur. The mud smells of sulphur; the rocks and the very foliage emit the odor.

Half way to the cañon we enter Crane Valley, the largest of the great valleys and famous for

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its spring round-up of elk. In the mating season, the elk gather by thousands. MacBride says there are forty thousand elk in the Park. It seems incredible; he knows, however. Bands of six to eight thousand are not uncommon. When the spring opens and the fresh grass starts and the time for new families arrives, the mating is done here. It is said to be a wonderful sight. Thousands and thousands of elk, the bulls bellowing and fighting, love-making and marrying, and then away to the high hills for the summer season.

Much of the water in the valley is unfit for use, but here and there is a spring of pure water carefully protected.

As a free citizen, I have a right to criticise my government, and I think I can see many ways in which the Park administration might be better; but, in all justice, a great work has been done here. The road system is worthy of unstinted praise. All the roads are good, well graded, well kept, and many of them are macadamized. Throughout the summer the main roads are sprinkled, so that there is no dust — that plague of reg-

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ular staging. At frequent intervals rare springs and drinking places are marked—in fact, every spot of interest is marked, and the guideboards and distance marks keep you always on the right road. Thousands of strangers from the nearby states go through in wagons each year, camping on the way; and they need no guides, for the Park is thoroughly charted and marked.

The worst trouble with camping is the bears, for some one must always be left in camp. In fact, if they are protected a few years longer, they will just about take the Park. Already they are so numerous and so fearless that they are a nuisance to camping parties.

As we approach the Cañon Hotel the scenery becomes more rugged, wilder. The river becomes more turbulent with a swifter fall.

We cross Cascade Creek, a tributary of the Yellowstone, where Colonel Norris found carved in a tree some nearly defaced initials and the date 1819, supposedly made by some white trapper, nearly a hundred years ago, who had left no other record of his presence here.

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The Cañon Hotel is a big, barny looking building, but charming inside. It stands on high ground, looking far up and down the Yellowstone, and this is the place where you see the grizzlies.

Just why no one knows, but hardly any other bears come here. No one cares to bother a silver tip. He prefers solitude and gets it. No one cares to neighbor with them, for you never know when they may take a notion to charge you. A stableman for one of the transportation companies was out a couple of miles from the Cañon Hotel one night, looking for stray horses. As he entered a little glade, a big bull elk dashed through closely pursued by a grizzly. The stableman yelled, the grizzly stopped a moment, and then started after him. As he expressed it, "I just natchully faded away. I reckon that atmosphere is all het up yet with the way I come through it." They are afraid of nothing. When you consider that they get to weigh all the way up to a ton or more, and many stand eight feet high when erect, you realize that they are not family pets.

The feeding hour at the Cañon Hotel is five

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o'clock, and you perceive at once that here is something different from anything you have seen.

No garbage cart, with its load of favored beings, enters this enclosure. The garbage is taken out early, before the grizzlies come. A stout fence of



LOOKING FOR THE DRIVER

barbed wire keeps visitors at a distance, and five soldiers, heavily armed, stand guard.

The little fellows come first. They gallop down the steep slope, grab their supper, swallow it quickly, always with an eye on the woods above the slope. Then the first of the big fellows emerges. Very leisurely he descends, and as he

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approaches every one of the youngsters flees. You get a realizing sense of grizzly manners. There is no courtesy here. The biggest is first. Even after the older ones have gathered, the biggest is boss. If he sees one an inch smaller than himself with a bone that he wants, he simply walks over and the smaller one drops it with an apology. The biggest of all of them was a formidable brute, five feet high at the shoulders.



GETTING A CHOICE BIT

I have seen swashbucklers and bullies, but I never saw his equal. He lumbered and swag-

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gered about, took what suited him, chased the smaller bears away, and made himself generally disagreeable. His manners, however, did not differ from the rest. They are all alike. I wish to record this impression now, in confidence, not to be repeated to any grizzly of your acquaintance, that a grizzly bear is the meanest critter that walks. He is unsocial, selfish, grumpy, sour, greedy, cruel, unhandsome, uncouth, ungraceful, a misanthrope by nature and a brute by cultivation.

If he has any redeeming qualities, I have failed to find them after careful study. Even a tiger purrs occasionally. Mr. Grizzly's only language is a growl.

He neglects his family, stays out nights — he does everything. Just think up all the mean attributes you know of and you will find that the grizzly has all of them and some others.

They are the only bears who ever leave the Park. It is fortunate they do so, for, in that way, they get thinned out a little. The moment they leave the confines of the reservation they are fair game.

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Last year there were six grizzly cubs who always came together. They were just the same size, looked alike, and always traveled in a bunch. At an early hour, they would come, all six, galloping down the hill for supper, and they came to be known as the Galloping Six. This year they were missing. They have never shown up. More or less the different bears came to be known to the hotel people. But no Galloping Six returned with the advent of spring and the reopening of the hotel.

So we conjecture that, adventurous, as all grizzlies are, tired of the monotony of the Park, they took an excursion and now their hides are rugs.

In the Sierras the grizzlies were the first bears to be wiped out. The black and the cinnamon are still found there, but the grizzly, fearless, adventurous, met his conqueror, man, and perished. Today, one may travel the remote trails of the Sierras for a year and never see a grizzly.

I once knew an old Forty-Niner, Jim Bethel by name, who kept a little roadside joint, on the

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North Fork stage road, in the Sierras. Jim came to California a boy of eighteen and had his first adventure with a grizzly that summer. He was hunting in the high hills and ran across a big grizzly, astride a rotten log, stripping the bark for grubs. Jim was armed with a rifle and one of the old-fashioned dragoon pistols that carried a half-ounce ball. Following advice that had been given to him, he first selected a handy cedar tree with plenty of branches and took a shot at the bear with his rifle. Without stopping to see its effect, he dropped the rifle and started up the tree. As he expressed it, he was twenty feet up before his rifle hit the ground. However, nothing happened. The bear tumbled off the log and disappeared. After waiting until he felt safe, Jim descended. He wore his black hair long, as was common in those days, and most of it seemed to be missing. Looking up, he found the whole cedar tree decorated with his hair—a bunch here, a bunch there, where he had left it on the way up.

Here is another of Jim's stories: In 1850, they were placer mining on Fine Gold Creek, a big

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camp. One day the whole camp went out for a bear hunt. In the party were two chums, Bill and Dick. The party separated and, after a while, Bill heard Dick's rifle fired and then his pistol. He hurried in the direction of the shot and found Dick in a death grapple with a grizzly. Bill was noted for his courage, and, without hesitation, took a hand in the fight. The bear had Dick down and was chewing him. As Bill approached, the bear raised his head and opened his mouth to growl. Bill fired straight into his mouth with his big dragoon pistol and the bear dropped. It had been a fight all right. The little clearing was strewn with blood and hair and fur and hide. They picked poor Dick up and carried him back to the camp. Fortunately, a doctor was there, and he decided that Dick would live; but he had been scalped. A swipe of the great paw had carried away a patch of the scalp as big as a man's hand. The doctor declared that if he had the scalp he could sew it on and save it. They went back and found the scalp. The doctor cleansed it, sewed it on, and Dick got well. Bethel saw him in Sacra-

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mento a couple of years later, and he was sound and well, his scalp all there, but the hair on that patch had died and looked like dead grass.

No man as old as Jim Bethel would tell a lie, and I accept these stories as the gospel truth. The first time I stopped in Jim's joint — a log cabin with sanded floor and a pine bar — I saw on the shelf two bottles of Mumm's Extra Dry. I never found out how they got there. I asked Jim what it was. He said it was some kind of fizzy stuff that was in the joint when he bought it. I asked him its price. He allowed it ought to be worth fifty cents a bottle, and so I bought those two bottles for fifty cents apiece, up there in the hills, where the freight alone was worth that much. Now that Jim is dead, I have sometimes regretted the advantage I took of him. I think it is the only trade I ever made, of which I got the better end.

Two of our party (I keep their names a secret) went out in the woods near the Cañon Hotel on a bear hunt. Not to kill; just to hunt. You can not go a half-mile anywhere thereabouts without

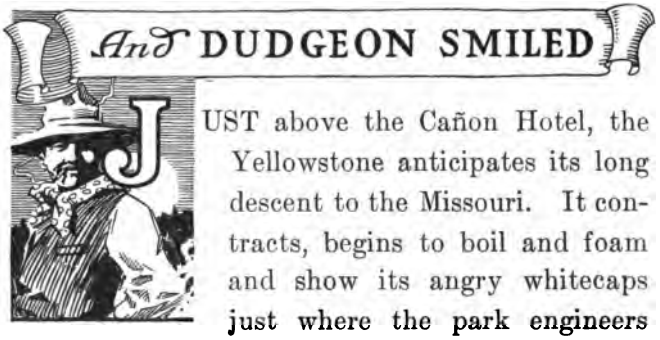
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running on to bears. Fortunately these adventurers found no silver-tips, just cinnamons, and chased them up trees and batted them with sticks, and then got chased in turn and had a good time. Spot—there, the story is out—will doubtless tell his children how he chased a cinnamon bear up a tree and whacked him on the rump with a club. And his children will think, "What a liar Papa is."

I have used the term "silver-tip" once or twice. I am not sure about it, but I believe the silver-tip is a mere variant of the true grizzly. I believe that, in colder climates, the end of each hair is a silver color. The Sierra bears are the plain grizzly, but most of the grizzlies that I saw in the Yellowstone were silver-tips. Anyway, the names are used interchangeably up there. You may take your choice. I regret that I have not consulted Mr. Roosevelt about it. I am a desirable citizen, no nature fakir, and I am not anxious to have a controversy with the President. I, therefore, submit the statement with due caution.

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Chapter 9.



JUST above the Cañon Hotel, the Yellowstone anticipates its long descent to the Missouri. It contracts, begins to boil and foam and show its angry whitecaps just where the park engineers have thrown across it a magnificent bridge of concrete—a single arch, a cobweb-like structure, that seems held in air by a continuous miracle. From that bridge the view is superb. From above, the water comes clamoring and breaking, green and frothy, rushing swiftly to its Upper Falls, whose smooth green lip you can see just below. Elsewhere this Upper Fall would be enough. Its distinction and peculiar charm would make it a place of pilgrimage from far and

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near. It thunders down a hundred feet to a rocky shelf and, striking that, hurls itself outward in a boiling smother of spray and foam, shouting its triumphant descent far above its rocky walls.

It is, perhaps, a half-mile to the Lower Falls — the Falls of the Yellowstone — and, after you have seen that, the Upper Fall is forgotten, for, to my mind, the Falls of the Yellowstone are the most beautiful I have ever seen. There are others higher, wider, of greater volume, but none has such a superb setting, so graciously proportioned, so perfect in every way.

The descent of the Upper Fall brings the river through a gorge, some five hundred feet deep, to the Lower Fall. The shelf over which it leaps is of porphyry and, on each side, great porphyry cliffs narrow and confine it to its perfect proportions. It is curious, but this is the only porphyritic formation in the Park, and you can see from below how, in the incalculable ages, the river, by erosion, has carried the falls back and back, leaving behind the wonderful Cañon of the Yellowstone, till it struck this porphyritic wall that has withstood the wear of centuries.

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GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

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From the main road above, you descend a flight of steps to a little platform on the brink, where you may reach out your hand and touch the very lip of the fall, and from which you may follow its descent to the bottom — 360 feet they call it, but no one has truly plumbed it, and no one knows exactly how far it is. But you forget its height when you see it. There is nothing in nature as beautiful as falling water, and here is its ultimate expression, its finest picture, its very climax.

Those iron cliffs force the stream to a narrow bed as it rushes over the edge. Where it breaks it is a deep dark green, smooth as velvet. The lip is slightly convex, over hanging, so that the water falls clear, in one long leap, and, by its conformation, separates the fall very slightly into three half cylindrical volutes. The nearer one is a pale rose, on the outside of the corrugations—a rose that lightens, then changes to opal, and finally, in its very heart, to lightest green. The second is a paler rose, while the third carries on its surface a lace work of black. At first I thought that black lace work was debris, but it is not; it must be

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some optical illusion. However, there it is, a perfect lace work, changing, of course, but always there. As they fall they unite, the whole tint deepens, and then, from the boiling caldron below, rises a rose-colored mist. And all these color effects are independent of light conditions. It matters not, at sunrise or sunset, at high noon, or even by the light of a full moon, the effect is the same. I know not what incarnadines that ceaseless changing flood, nor what exhales that rose-colored mist from the profound; but I have a theory that it is the aeration of the water by its clean descent and tremendous fall. It is water that falls in that green cascade from the lip, and water that escapes below, but that which falls, in falling, is not water; neither is it mist or spray or foam. It is more tenuous than water, and too palpable for mist or spray. It is, in fact, separate drops forced apart by pressure, each a tiny prism refracting and blending the light rays. And to this, these falls owe their peculiar charm and distinction, different from all others.

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Many have raved over the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone below the falls, and many absurdities have been written about its awe-inspiring depths. To my mind, its chief charm is the setting it affords these falls. It is not so vast that the waterfall is lost in its immensity, as it would be in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Nor is it petty. It is simply in perfect proportion with the falls. Either would lose much of its charm without the other.

It is from this cañon (the color of the rock) that the whole region derives its name of Yellowstone or yellow rock. The prevailing tint is yellow, mixed with browns and, occasionally, a bit that is almost black, all blended and harmonized by the erosion of ages. It is beautiful, picturesque, what you will, but not awesome or dreadful. In fact, it looked so beautiful from above, so friendly-like, so accessible, that one day the Banker and I, hanging above the fall, decided we would descend and explore its beauties from below. We were moved to it by the fact that we saw down there—mere specks along the sandy marge of the green,

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white-capped flood—a party among whom were women. We thought the view of the fall from below would be worth remembering, and it was; and it was down there that Dudgeon smiled.

We did not know, and Dudgeon did not know, that there had once been a stairway from the other side of the river descending below the fall; that, becoming dangerous, it had been destroyed; that, in our day, no one attempts that descent without ropes and competent guides.

Call us fools if you will—I shall not object—for we rushed in where no angel, that thought anything of his wings, would have cared to tread.

The next morning, without seeking advice, we three (the Banker, Dudgeon and myself) jogged across the great bridge and down the roadway that overlooks the beautiful upper gorge.

A little group of deer, grazing on the slope above us, stopped and gazed with their great tranquil eyes. The Upper Fall shouted at us unnoticed. We found the little path that descends to the bottom of the gorge, tied our horses, and started down. At the brink there was a sign that remarked, in the most casual way, "Danger."

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GRAND CAÑON BRIDGE

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Dudgeon and I had a discussion as to whether it meant bears or female tourists, Dudgeon holding to the latter view. In the meanwhile, the Banker had plunged down and we followed. At the very edge we found a tiny chasm down which trickles, at times, a little stream, just enough to fill the cleft with moisture and to make it slippery. The bed was loose float-rock and gravel that slid and slipped under our feet.

"The wicked stand in slippery places." I always fall and I did so, promptly. If I had been in the lead, I should have abandoned the expedition right there; but Dudgeon and the Banker had gone and I was ashamed not to follow. At the bottom of the cleft there was a sheer descent. Along its precipitous wall, however, were little juts and a place where, sometime, some one had ventured down. I shall not describe the descent; it was not so bad:

"Come with me, and it please ye;
"The down hill path is easy.
"We shall avoid the uphill by never turning back."

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At the bottom, we found a long ridge, fifty feet above the water, that envisaged the fall. For myself, I was content to rest there while Dudgeon and the Banker pursued a path of slippery granite to the bottom of the gorge, where the water ran blue and white, full of foam from its mad descent above. They found that the sand along the river brink was hot, from the innumerable hot springs that here break out along its edge. But there was nothing dangerous here. Fierce as it looked, steeply as it ran, it was shallow, and, while it frothed and fumed and made much of itself, it was not alarming.

"Says Tweed to Till

"'What gars ye rin sae still?'

"Says Till to Tweed

"'Though ye rin wi speed

"'And I rin slow

"'Where ye droon a man, I droon twa.'"

For the Yellowstone seems but a shallow brook there, between those vast walls, dwarfed by the fall and the great cañon; and, while it has all the charm of the river above, all the changing lights,

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the wonderful iridescence, and you can sit and watch it play with its rock and pebbles, it does not frighten you. You lay your hand upon the white mane of its galloping regiments without fear. You grow after awhile to love it; you long to wade in it, to see how deep it is. It has a perilous fascination, for there are perils in it.

But you forget the stream and the cañon and everything else, as you look from below at the falls. From the very bottom springs one great wonderful rainbow, a perfect arch, as steadfast as though it were of steel, one foot resting on the whirlpool and the other on the rock at the right. It does not waver or quiver. It does not dissolve and reappear as other rainbows. And two hundred feet above, where one little spurt of spray strikes a jut of stone, is a baby rainbow that comes and goes and plays against the sombre porphyritic rock, rising and falling, now close to the rock, now venturing outwardly into the very mass of the fall.

Seen from below, the falls are even more stupendous, more beautiful than from above.

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PARK ELK IN WINTER

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Heights are greater when you look up than when you look down, and the falls seem greater from there at their feet.

From this ridge where I stood ran a path in the granite—not a path, just a track that seemed to lead behind the fall itself. I am sure that nothing but a mountain sheep had ever trod that perilous way. I happened to wonder to Dudgeon as we sat there (the spray from the fall wetting our faces, and the great wind that the whirlpool makes blowing about us) where the track went.

Instantly Dudgeon was up, laid his hat down, weighted it with a stone to keep it from blowing away, and, before I could stop him, was dancing down that dizzy shelf, as lightly and sure-footed as a chamois. I called him in vain.

He went as easily, as carelessly, as you or I would walk a city pavement, to the very edge of the falls, where he could look behind that marvelous curtain of mist and spray and foam—looked into its very heart of rose and opal and emerald; looked as unconcernedly as I look at this page—and came dancing back, pausing to

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wave his hand at the Lady and the Little Lady far above on the brink of the fall.

Believe me, I would part with much of what I have gained during the last hundred and fifty years of my pilgrimage to have been able to do that. And he did it and smiled.

Above me loomed that awful chasm that must be climbed. It hung over me—settled on my spirits. I tried to smile; to admire the falls; I tried to enjoy that wonderful gorge, with its coloring, its beauty, its charm. I watched an eagle leave his eyrie on the very edge of the cañon and soar above me, wings atilt, without movement, and I led my companions into a discussion of flying machines and the problem of aviation. I drew their attention to a place on the rocks opposite, where the continuous spray had mottled its sombre brown with a living green of moss.

I did everything that would hold their attention and postpone the hour when I must start back. At last, every subject exhausted, the Banker suddenly started upward. From our little cliff that overhung the maelstrom, the path led up a

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bare rock. When I looked at it in cold blood, I wondered how I ever descended it without wings. I knew in my heart that I could never get back, but the Banker started. It was a sheer cliff, with here and there a crack, a toe-hold, or finger-hold as far apart as one could reach. I saw him toilsomely reach from one to the other, spread-eagled against the rock face. At one place, a rock, that he grasped with his right hand, as he threw his weight on it, gave way, glanced over his arm, and just missed his head. He swung far outward and I shuddered. I thought he was gone, and his body a mangled mass on the rocks a hundred feet below. By a miracle his left hand held, and he still pursued his way, inch by inch.

I said to Dudgeon, "I never can make that, but you must stay below and catch me if I slip." And Dudgeon smiled.

Like most men, I am a coward when there is no one around. Here were no admiring crowds to see me risk my life. No one but Dudgeon. How I scaled that awful cliff, I shall never know. I think I was years doing it. I hung there, some-

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times by two fingers of each hand, my toes inserted into some tiny crack, panting for breath, benumbed, speechless, sweating at every pore. Sometimes it seemed hours before I could move. Dudgeon meanwhile gathering from my attitude that, whether I ever attained the top, I would never fall — that with the grip I had on the rock I might cling there and turn to a lichen, some new and curious form of vegetation that scientists in after years would investigate with profound interest, but that I would never let go my hold — danced around and above me and sat safe and secure and smiled at me. To do him justice, there never was a place on that rock face where he could have helped me without a rope. If I had fallen, nothing could have stopped me but the bottom. If he had been below me we should have gone together, and Dudgeon did not intend to be on the under side of that fall. I was safe enough as long as I stood still. My body in my anguish put out spores and tentacles that grasped the rock. I was for a time a limpet, one of those intermediate forms of life that cling and cling and never

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move. It was when I tried to progress that the strain became too great. The Banker had vanished. Dudgeon was somewhere far above me whistling "My Bonnie," and there I clung, a mere gastropod. I doubt if, in those awful moments, I had any more intelligence than a vegetable. All I felt was fear—fear of those spear-like rocks down there below me.

What a curious thing pride is! If I had been alone with Dudgeon I should have called for rope and tackle and a hoisting engine. But the Banker had passed before me, and so, however Dudgeon smiled, I could not quit.

I knew that, at the very top, awaited me that terrible rocky slide, almost perpendicular and slimed with past ages of moisture. When I thought of that I was ready to die, but when I had attained it, there, hanging from the top of the path, was a rope.

Believe me, that no triple tie, no chain of logic, nothing that implies continuity, clinging, connection, or anything else that begins with a capital C, ever looked so good.

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All of this was at an altitude of 7,000 feet, which, for a lowlander, implies the very limit of bellows power. Somehow I grasped that rope. Somehow I scrambled up that rocky slide by its aid and sank half fainting at the top. There was not air enough in the universe to satisfy me. The wide scope of the heavens, of the starry skies, did not contain enough atmosphere to fill my starved and laboring lungs.

And, shame of shames, just behind us, climbing swiftly, came a lady dressed in grey serge, mounting those awful slopes easily and gracefully, starting many minutes behind me and overtaking me at the top without a quickened breath. It was she who had left the rope there for that last three hundred feet, without which I should never have attained the top. She had followed us down, but, being a wise mountain climber, had left the rope where it was most needed.

When I had made her acquaintance, I was not so much ashamed. An employe of a Washington department, she had made her summer outing like this for years. She had climbed Mt. Shasta and

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many others. She had made a walking tour of the Park, one hundred and sixty miles, and this little climb was a mere side trip to her, while to me it was the mountain climb of my life.

Slowly and painfully the Banker and I climbed the rest of the hill. Slowly and painfully we got into our surrey, and invited the grey lady to share a seat to her destination across the river. We gathered up her rope, whose charitable sinews had saved, at least, one unworthy life, and parted with her, just this side of the Cañon Hotel, at her tent home. Had it not been for that lady in grey these pages would not have been written. I should still be sitting, "never flitting," like Poe's Raven, at the bottom of that rocky slide, croaking "nevermore," or else clinging, an ancient and ill-smelling gastropod, to those rocky walls. Wherever she is, may heaven go with her.

Meanwhile Dudgeon had danced and jigged his way up those slopes, whistling "My Bonnie," and, when we finally seated ourselves in the surrey, he was as unbreathed as though he had just finished a two-step.

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If you go down the corridor of the Cañon Hotel, and turn to the right, at the second door you can find something in a glass with ice in it; and there once more Dudgeon smiled.

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Chapter 10.



UNTRODDEN WAYS

AT THE Cañon Hotel, the ways divide. The stage lines run westwardly to Norris Basin, and, stopping there for lunch, make an afternoon's drive to Mammoth Hot Springs, on the northern boundary of the Park.

The ladies elected to go that way while we, with Dudgeon and our surrey, pursued the unfrequented road directly north to the petrified forest, the buffalo plateau, thence back to Camp Roosevelt and west to Mammoth Springs.

"Untrodden ways" is a slight exaggeration, but, while the road is good, it is little used by tourists who follow the stage route. But if you have the time, it is the only way. Up to this point I

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had been surprised to find so little mountain scenery except far away, almost on the boundaries of the Park. This region is the scenic corner of the Park and, for one who has time to stay, the most delightful part.

It abounds in magnificent mountain views, vast forests interpersed with beautiful



DEER RESTING IN THE WOODS

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meadows, cañons and waterfalls, peaks and hills. While there are a few hot springs, there are no geysers, but the scenery is as beautiful as any that can be found in the Rockies.

From the Cañon Hotel the road winds upward over Dunraven Pass, a little depression between Dunraven Peak and Mt. Washburne. The latter is the highest mountain in the Park, and there is a fairly easy road to its top. We did not go to the top, as it was a misty day and the view would not have been good. It had rained the night before we started, and, as the road is little traveled, we were the first over it. It was an interesting study to watch the signs of animal life in the tracks along the road. Chuck and Spot developed great sagacity in determining the animals to which they belonged.

In one place on a single line were the tracks of a bear, a coyote and a deer. Which was fleeing and which pursuing they were unable to determine. In places a whole band of elk had crossed the road, and everywhere were the records of the busy animal life that fills the Park and is most numerous here where the travel is least.

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Three times that morning bears crossed the road ahead of us, as unconcerned as a tramp on a country road. One stopped and sniffed at us till we were within ten feet of him. At a turn of the road, before we reached the Pass, a little band of mule deer were feeding. They were so tame that I slipped from the surrey to get a snapshot. The leader was a magnificent buck, his coat as glossy as velvet. He raised his head and eyed me, while I crept within ten feet of him. He was in the shade of a tree and after the first shot I tried to move him out



EVENING NEAR GRAND CAÑON

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into the sun, but he slowly moved off into the thick woods, and my picture was not a success. I wish it had been, for there was never a handsomer sight than that noble beast, his head up, his spreading antlers, his great liquid eyes surveying me with the utmost calmness. Behind him were several doe and fawns equally unconcerned. They started when I clicked the camera, but the great buck never moved. He might have been posing for pictures all his life, for all the concern he showed. I shall long carry that picture of the grassy slope, the evergreen woods behind, and those beautiful creatures who seemed to trust us so implicitly.

On the shoulder of Mt. Washburne was a great band of elk, I could not estimate how many. The hillside was covered with them. They are shyer than the deer, as they go to the higher altitudes in the summer, and are not so familiar with men. In fact, the only elk I saw in the Park were on this road. They are not as beautiful as the deer. Their necks are ill-shaped and they carry their heads awkwardly; but it is something in this day

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to see a thousand elk in one band quietly feeding. I am told that it is not uncommon to see five thousand in a band in the spring and early summer.



A BUFFALO HEAD

I have heard the expression, "carpeted with flowers," many times, but I never saw such a carpet save here. The whole slope of Mt. Washburne is literally covered, so that the green of the grass, which is abundant, is absolutely hidden by them. They count eighty varieties of wild flowers in the Park, many of them rare. There were dozens that I never saw, but I recognized many of the old favorites that I have known in

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lower altitudes, such as the columbine, larkspur, paintbrush, and others.

At a turn of the road, before we reached the Pass, we found the most beautiful view of the trip. Looking back we could see nearly the whole extent of Yellowstone Lake, twenty-five miles away, with Mt. Sheridan and the Three Tetons, dim shapes, beyond. Nearer was the course of the Yellowstone, but the Cañon Hotel was hidden. Near where it should have been I saw a tiny green semi-circle that puzzled me. With the glass I found that it was the concrete bridge above the Falls, with the green of the water showing through the archway. The Upper Falls could be distinctly seen, but the Lower were hidden by the cañon.

Before we reached the point where the road up Mt. Washburne turns off the main road, we overtook the lady in grey who had so put me to shame at the cañon. She was trudging along, bent on making the trip to the top. She made it, through one rain and one snowstorm, and joined us at Camp Roosevelt, about five.

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CHRISTMAS TREE PARK

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When the Pass is surmounted, and you turn the great flank of Mt. Washburne, you are in the most beautiful part of the Park, little known. Much of the timber of the Park is lodge-pole pine. But here magnificent forests of spruce and fir and pine alternate with great meadows that stretch for miles, clothed with the succulent gramma grass, a paradise for ruminant animals. Before you stretches the Valley of the Yellowstone; beyond it the great range that bars the eastern approach to the Park, and far to the northward another great mountain chain. On either side, coming into the Yellowstone, are gorges and cañons, each a marvel in itself.

A storm followed us a while, passed to our left, in front, to the right, and vanished on Mt. Washburne, actually traveling clear around us. As it passed, it left the ragged clouds and mist wraiths hanging far down the slopes of the hills till the sun vanquished them.

Nature was in her most theatrical mood, and showed us every variety of storm and sunshine.

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Eighteen miles from the Cañon Hotel are the Tower Falls, named from the curious tower-like rocks that surround the Tower Creek Cañon.

I am told that the falls are beautiful. Dudgeon told me so. I sent him down to see. No more climbing for me while Dudgeon is around. I just send him out and he reports faithfully. Chuck and Spot went part way, and the Banker even essayed the descent, but soon returned. Dudgeon galloped down and loped back and advised us to go and see them.

I did not, but you may take Dudgeon's word for it that they are very fine. Just beyond are the basalt cliffs, the only formation of the kind, I believe, in the Park. On the right, across the Cañon of the Yellowstone, crowning its top, is a basalt formation two or three miles long and as regular as a fence. In fact, from a distance, it looks like some inclosure. Dudgeon called it the base ball ground. Below, the river runs through a narrow gorge, some five hundred feet deep, with almost perpendicular walls, and on the left is another vast basalt wall. The road had to be quarried

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beneath, and in some places it overhangs the road. It is a ticklish road, though perfectly safe, for, on one side the cliff goes down sheer five hundred feet to the river, and, on the other, the great cliff stands imminent and threatening. But most curious of all the Park formations, this vast cliff, three hundred feet high (I should think) rests at the level of the roadway on a bed of river gravel. It has imposed itself on the silt and detritus of some old river, or else upon glacial drift. Where did it come from, and how did it get there? Of course, this whole region shows glacial action of the greatest, that has shaved and pared the whole Park, so that Mt. Washburne is almost the only high peak within its limits, and even that is hardly anywhere bold or abrupt, and a wagon road goes to its top with little difficulty.

Just above the Yellowstone Falls is a great granite boulder, twenty feet high and as many thick, brought there by a glacier and dropped; for there is no granite within miles of this detached fragment.

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All along the road through here are directions for camping parties, "Good water here." "Bury all tin cans." "Put out fires carefully." It is a very paternal government up here, especially for the four-legged animals.

We reached Camp Roosevelt in time for a late lunch. It is so called, I believe, because the President once passed by there and looked at it. There is also a big Douglas spruce called the Roosevelt tree, because the President is supposed to have seen it.

The Camp is set in a charming grove, with tent houses and tents for cooking and dining. Back of it a little stream comes giggling down the hill, enjoying some little joke of its own; and farther back is another cañon. I sent Dudgeon up to see it and he reported it as three hundred and eighty feet, nine inches, deep, and seven hundred and thirteen feet wide. This must be a justly proportioned cañon. I am glad Dudgeon saw it. There is nothing like being accurate about these things, and Dudgeon is one of the most accurate liars I have ever known. He never makes loose state-

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ments. I came near losing Dudgeon here. He sat down to rest with Chuck, and, instead of sitting in a safe place, picked a spot where he could hang his legs over. The stone under him crumbled and, if Chuck had not grabbed him, Dudgeon would have investigated the depth of that cañon in two-four time.

I have already recorded how, here, I made that acquaintance with Billy which was so brutally and unfortunately interrupted.

We spent the evening at bridge, and Camp Roosevelt is celebrated for one more achievement: I made the record score — grand slam, four aces in one hand and the rubber game. Chuck and Spot robbed the Banker and me at bridge all through the trip, and we paid our losses in cash. This time we beat them — our score was a big one — and they calmly told us they would settle when they got home. We are still waiting for that settlement.

We had planned to spend the following day in a drive through the petrified forest to the Buffalo Plateau, in the extreme northeastern part of the

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Park. There are many wonders up there; the "petrified forest," of which Jim Bridger told being the greatest. There is an amethyst mountain where you may pick up many varieties of semi-precious stones, and on the plateau is the Park herd of buffalo. Formerly, they wandered at will through the Park, but the danger from poachers induced their segregation here, where they can be guarded more effectually in the winter, the time of danger.

At first, I thought of sending Dudgeon while we stayed at the camp and played bridge. It is an easy day's drive to go and come. But the team was tired and so, in sooth, were we. We gave it up and turned our faces toward Mammoth Springs. I would like to have taken Billy Bear with me, and Chuck suggested that, if I would hang a doughnut behind the surrey, he would follow it clear home. I suppose he would. These cold winter days I am wondering where Billy is and what he is doing. The snow is twenty feet deep up there, and I suppose he is curled up in some hollow, where the brush covers him thickly and the snow keeps out the cold, taking his winter nap and dreaming of doughnuts.

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Chapter 11.

MAMMOTH SPRINGS



FROM Camp Roosevelt to Mammoth Springs is twenty-two miles, not particularly interesting especially after one has seen so much. There are, of course, falls. If you are interested in waterfalls, you should come here. You will find here falls of every variety, from the giant Yellowstone to baby falls that do not tumble far enough to break.

There are ancient falls that are about worn out, ready to give up, tired of just falling for all these centuries. And there are young, ambitious falls, just starting in life, full of energy and fuss.

There are slim falls and fat falls; quiet falls that do a great deal of business in the way of falling, in the course of a year, and make very little noise over it; and loud-voiced, fussy falls that are

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always calling your attention to the way in which they do it, and how much water they are carrying and what a business they are doing.

But we were by this time blasé. After seeing the Yellowstone, we did not care to spend any time over the kind of falls they have back East. So we lingered not till we topped the ridge from which you first catch sight of the great peaks about Mammoth—Mt. Evarts, Electric and Bunsen's Peaks. This is a superb mountain view, for you take in the valley of the Gardiner River, and the Yellowstone, where, far below and hidden from sight, is its third and, they say, its finest cañon.

At noon we were at Mammoth, whose great wooden hotel marks the northern boundary of our tour.

This is the official center of the Park, from which its administration is carried on. There is a two-troop post here, barracks and a military prison, a parade ground and a little square of blue-grass, from the center of which floats the flag; and you realize that you are once more in the United States.

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Here we found the ladies and our friends, the G.'s, and were immediately started on a round of sight-seeing. Started, did I say? Nay—dragged. How I envied Mr. G. his firmness. Those sights, which he could see from his surrey and the hotel veranda, were well enough.

But when it came to climbing up formations, getting his feet scalded, losing his wind, to see a few more geysers, not he. He had been an athlete in his youth and had taken so much exercise then that he had never required any since. So he viewed the hot springs from a distance, while we "saw things."

There are plenty of things to see, for the "formation" is wholly different from that elsewhere. Old Faithful deposits a silicate, while these springs are calcareous. The formation of Old Faithful grows very slowly, imperceptibly. Even now, after thousands, possibly millions, of years, its mound is but a few feet above the valley. Here the springs have combined in the ages to raise a great hill three hundred feet in height, and they are still building. You can see the process every-

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where. These are boiling springs that overflow constantly, and, as the water runs, here it builds a dam and there an obstruction that forces it here and there. The water of the springs is wonderfully transparent, bluer than sea water, with that peculiar, lifelike, pulsating motion that distinguishes the thermal springs.

You can look far down through the boiling water and see the tiniest ornament with which the spring has bedecked itself. Cleopatra's Spring is particularly noted for the beauty of its waters, though Pulpit Terrace is the most remarkable for its regularity, hanging to the side of a hill in a real and not a fancied resemblance to a great stone pulpit.

In front of the hotel is a stone, forty feet high — Liberty Cap (for that is nearly its shape) — that is the cone of an extinct spring.

The ground has washed away from it and left the spring standing.

Cupid's Grotto is a fine example of this calcareous working, and the Devil's Kitchen is interesting, as it is the crater of an excellent spring

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which you may descend if you wish. I did not care to.

It is moist and very ill-smelling. The emanations from below are noxious, and the bones of animals that evidently died from suffocation are found there. One spring the bones of an elk, that had fallen in and perished during the winter, were found in it.

All about Mammoth are beautiful walks and drives in the hills and mountains, for you are surrounded by lofty peaks.

One of them, Mt. Evarts, commemorates one of the most remarkable examples of human endurance ever recorded.

T. C. Evarts was a member of the Washburne expedition. He became separated from his party and his mule ran away with all his food and weapons. He lost his glasses and, being near-sighted, unused to the woods and without even a pocketknife, his plight may be imagined.

His companions searched in vain for him, but, short of food themselves, they were compelled to give him up and push on. As soon as they

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BUFFALO PARK

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reached a settlement they sent back two experienced men, who found him on the Upper Gardiner River near the mountain that bears his name. He had wandered for thirty-seven days, subsisting on thistle roots, which he boiled in the springs. He was without fire and kept from freezing at night by sleeping near the hot springs.

Twice he went five days without food and three days without water. When found he was partially deranged, but recovered.

There is a road, some twelve miles in length, that winds around Bunsen's Peak and by the Middle Gardiner Cañon. This is one of the five cañons of the Park and it holds Osprey Falls, the second largest in the Park.

The hotel is excellent and is kept open the year around.

The acting superintendent of the Park (an army officer) lives here, and there is quite a little village clustered about the hotel and post. It is by far the busiest place in the Park, and is interesting the year around. In the winter, the antelope gather here in great numbers and are fed on alfalfa

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when the snow is deep. Late in the fall the elk begin to come down from the high hills for their winter quarters in the valley, and I am told that the lower hills are covered with them. There were antelope about the hotel, when we were there, that followed us around begging sugar.

All about the hotel are craters of extinct springs, where the water once boiled and bubbled, closed, I suppose, by the calcareous deposit. These springs are constantly committing suicide in that way. But the water and the fires are there somewhere below. They must find an outlet, and new ones are formed. There are no geysers here. They are just, technically, "thermal springs." I prefer the ordinary designation of "hot springs." I know what that means without going to the dictionary.

To those who prefer the remote, the lonely, places, the real communion with nature, I recommend the farther parts of the Park.

If you wish civilization and hot springs mixed, you will prefer Mammoth. You can dress for dinner there without being stared at.

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You get green salads fresh from the railroads. Stock quotations are posted in the lobby. You are reminded of New York, and such like places. You almost forget that you are in Yellowstone Park, when night comes.

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Chapter 12.



THE TRAIL

YEARS and years ago there was a trail that ran across from Gardiner to Cody. It remains but a reminiscence, a vague simulacrum of a road. You may follow it, if your eyes are good and you are forest-trained, from Mammoth to Gardiner. The magnificent stage road that follows the Gardiner River is forbidden to horsemen. The soldiers from the post used to ride it, filled with Montana whisky, and, because of the Worm that Dieth Not, made trouble for regular travelers; so now everyone is forbidden to ride a horse over that road.

But my old tray and I did not mind. We found the trail, and, soon becoming fast friends,

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ambled quietly over to the town of Gardiner, which lies at the northern gate of the Park. As you leave Mammoth, the trail mounts a lofty ridge, and, at once, you are in a barren land.

It is curious, but on every side of the Park is a region of little rain, an arid, barren land. The moment you quit its borders greenness and vegetation are left behind.

It is as though Nature herself had set this nook there in the hills, surrounded by barriers, re-enforced with arid and desolate hills. Beyond its limits are no wild flowers, no long green slopes, no streams and waterfalls, no animal life — just desolation.

I like the trail. I have ridden it in many lands, followed its windings, perused its pages, learned its secrets, and, after the weary and crowded ways of the road, gladly found myself again in the loneliness of the trail.

The road proceeds by indirection; it avoids obstacles; the trail surmounts them. On the road is traffic and commerce — people coming and going — the clamor of business. The trail is lonely,

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remote; it lies in silent places, and pursues the unknown. You may learn a road, but no one ever really learns a trail. Always it is new, unknown, unguessed.

If you go by the King's Highway there are many methods. The old family horse, the pair, your "coach and four," and all varieties of the "devil-wagon." You may even go by stage. On the trail there is but one way—the outside of a horse, which, after all, is the best thing for the inside of a man. Long ago I discovered that. I shall never need springs and baths when I am "off my feed." Ten days on the trail always puts me where I was twenty years ago. When my waist approaches too nearly the measure of my chest, when my last year's clothes set too snugly; when my brain is stale, and the cobwebs gather, and the think-works clog; when I am tired, and the world is tired of me—no doctors—no health resorts —just the trail. Believe me, if you try it once you will never use medicine again.

You carry your hotel behind your saddle. Your kitchen outfit is a lard-pail, its cover the frying-

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pan, and the pail for the coffee. You are at home wherever there is wood, water and grass. There are no "rates," special or otherwise; no tips, no cringing creature licking your boots for an extra quarter. You have the bridal chamber without charge. There are no masses or classes on the trail. You are your own man, just as good or bad as you really are, without varnish or gilding.

My old friend Dan, who has ridden the trail for thirty years, knows every path and pass in the Rockies and Sierras and has become a philosopher by virtue of the long loneliness of the trail, where one has nothing to do but think about things, says there are many tests of a man, but the best is the trail.

If he can sit his saddle without galling his horse, or worrying his mouth; if he can do his ten hours a day without a murmur and at nightfall see to his horse before himself; if he can make his own bed, pack his own blankets and cook his own grub; if he can rise in the cold, early dawn of those high altitudes, wash in ice-cold water, comb his hair with a pine cone and still be cheerful and smiling;

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if he can do his share of the camp work without being asked: then, Dan says, he is a man. It matters not what his faults, he is a man. For, mark you, it is not all beer and skittles on the trail, though it has its fascination. In the cool mornings, when your horse is fresh and you mount the great ridges and look off, far, far across the great God-made hills and peaks; when you dip down and down and find at the bottom the little stream with its snow-fed, crystal current chattering over the granite pebbles, and you stoop from your saddle and fill your cup with the ambrosia; when Bucephalus drinks and drinks, and draws long breaths, and looks back at you with an expression that says, as plain as words, "This beats all your highballs;" in the long reaches of the great sugar-pines where the very topmost boughs whisper lowly, but all about you is still as the "hush that follows prayer;" in the little valleys where your horse wades belly deep in the wild timothy, and his every step expresses the fragrance from unnamed and countless wild flowers; where the shy woodfold peep out at you unafraid, and know

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you are not there to kill them — ah! then you feel again as you did when the world was young. And then the delicious fatigue, so different from the weariness of everyday life, when at last you strike camp, unsaddle, water your horse, see that his picket-rope is just right and that the grass is good! The savory smell of the elusive trout cooking in the pan, the stricken deer hanging to a tree, promising a breakfast of deer's liver, the most delicate of camp dishes, the anxious search for a smooth spot to spread the blankets, where the forest mattress shall be just right, the pine needles not too thin nor the cones too thick for a forest bed.

And eat! No one has ever known good eating till he has sat at the fire and eaten from an iron plate, his hunting knife for a fork, while Dan cooks and cooks till one can hold no more.

Just below, the little stream goes wandering and whispering to itself, and you know that somewhere down there Undine has returned, and if you were not so tired you could find her. The darkness falls, the sparks from the campfire go sailing up into a sky that is all velvety black and

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arabesqued with golden stars, and the big tamaracks lean nearer in the friendliest way.

And then the long, long smokes and the long, long talks about the fire, and, better still, the long silences. For on the trail you learn each other. You do not talk unless you have something to say. And best of all are those long silences.

The lost friend sits at your elbow. The lost love whispers in your ear as of old. The dreams of youth return, and all that you would, but failed of, seems near and possible. And so, at last, to dreamless sleep—sleep that the forest life, coming and going about you on its nocturnal business, is powerless to disturb.

But there is another side to it. It is not all jam and pickles. There are days when wood and water are far apart. Days when you crawl up long slopes and climb down by precipitous paths, where you must dismount and lead your horse down granite slides where a misstep would mean the end of things. Days when grub is scarce and water more so. When you ride for hours through barren desert wastes, till your tongue swells and

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you faint with weariness and thirst; nights when you make a "dry camp," and suffer with your horse. No, it is not all elysian; but, when the trail is just right, and your horse is your friend, and you come to know his mouth, and he talks to you with every twitch of his head, and tells you when to pull and when to let the reins lie on his back—then, believe me, there is nothing like the trail.

So my old grey and I cantered up and down, over the long, barren hills, and down where the little aspen thickets gather about a hidden water-course till we came to Gardiner. I tied my horse in front of the "Bucket of Blood," the most palatial of Gardiner's business houses, and had a commercial transaction with its urbane proprietor which left me feeling as though I had swallowed a live wire. I saw the granite "Gateway," that is not a gateway at all, because no one ever passed through it. It is a hideous structure of boulders that was built solely as an excuse for someone to make a speech. It is getting so in this fair land of ours that anything is an excuse for a speech. When-

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ever two or three men get together and cut a watermelon, they want someone to make a speech over it.

As I started back I overtook the drunkard. There are other drunkards, of course, but this was the only one I had met on the trip. He was one of those who can only think aloud. His mental processes repeated themselves in speech as literally as a phonograph its records. I was a godsend to him, and he immediately began, after the usual platitudes of the trail, to think in his vernacular. He was one of those "Say" conversationalists. "Say, I got the best wife you ever saw. I got a ranch over there and she jest runs that ranch. Say, I got two kids. Say, I wish you could see them kids. One of 'em has black hair and one of 'em has yellow hair. Say, ain't that funny?" And so on, till his trail finally split with mine and I lost him.

Coming over the hill I met the grey lady with her little music roll of baggage, trudging her way over to Gardiner. I stopped and talked with her for a moment and wondered at her. She had

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tramped the hundred and sixty miles of the Park roads, had seen more than you and I would see in a hundred and sixty days, and was now on her way back to sorting seeds and writing addresses, entirely satisfied with her summer's outing.

I had just parted from her when I witnessed a tragedy, all unwittingly. I was coming up a little slope; a sergeant and two troopers were riding over the next. The troopers turned down the hill and rushed to a group of willows bordering the river. Two young men, mere boys, clad in civilians' clothes, emerged and, after a moment's parley, came up to the road with the soldiers. I rode on and spoke to the sergeant, something about the grey lady. He replied briefly, preoccupied with the two men whom I took to be laborers.

I galloped away and, looking back, saw the two men walking, a soldier on each side, the sergeant in the rear.

I thought I had a seeing eye, but I did not grasp, at all, that tragedy of those two broken lives. One had stolen from a comrade, the other from the

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post. Both had deserted, and tried for freedom by way of the railroad. The post was aroused, cordons thrown out, the hills searched, and this patrol had caught them. The very men that they had bunked and fought with (for this was one of the troops of a fighting regiment) had to take them back to a trial that meant Alcatraz and disgrace; and I passed it, all unconscious of its significance.

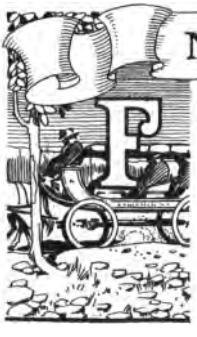
But such is the way of the trail. On the big road you are privileged to be curious; not so on the trail. Do not ask whence nor whither. Your name is your own. You do not write it down in books when you stop for the night. You do not exchange cards. Give everyone a "good-day" when you meet; let the loquacious talk, and the silent keep their secrets. It is no business of yours who comes or goes, nor where nor why. That is the law of the trail.

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Chapter 13.

NORRIS BASIN



FROM Mammoth Springs to Norris Geyser Basin is twenty miles, and by that route we started on our homeward journey. It is not my purpose, however, to linger or to tire you with a minute description of that journey.

It is full of wonders and beauties; but there is too much scenery in this book now. You pass the Hoodoos, a little plain covered with boulders of a travertine formation, curiously misshapen and fantastically carved by erosion, lying as though some god, in sport, had tipped them over. Beyond this is the famous Golden Gate, the cañon of Glen Creek, which contains the Rustic Falls and one of the engineering marvels of the Park, where the road is carried along the cañon's side on a cement viaduct.

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We dip down to the Swan Valley, through whose wide expanse of greenness wanders a little



EAGLE NEST ROCK—GARDINER CAÑON

tranquil stream, a tributary of the Gardiner River; and here I had another example of Park

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influence. A hundred yards from the road a flock of thirty or forty Canada geese were sailing in the water. I walked up to them and got one snapshot at a hundred feet, and a second just as they were leaving the water.

Halfway to the Basin is the Apollinaris Spring, that bubbles from the wide hillside—a natural, sparkling water not much unlike its namesake.

Two miles farther is the obsidian cliff, a vast mass of volcanic glass, mentioned heretofore as the one through which Jim Bridger tried to shoot the elk. It is black, rather like anthracite in appearance. The river runs at its foot, and to make a roadway was a problem. It was too hard to be drilled for blasting, and Colonel Norris, the engineer, broke it into fragments by first heating it with fires along its surface and then throwing cold water on it.

We passed Beaver Lake, with its numerous dams and houses still standing, and the forest denudation that evidences their busy effort, but the beavers had long ago departed.

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I do not know why it has not been restocked. Certainly we are entitled to see some beavers at work. It is, I suppose, due to the fact that the beavers are the shyest of all fur-bearing animals, and would absolutely refuse to exhibit for the benefit of tourists.

Just beyond is Roaring Mountain, with an enormous steam vent at the top that can be heard for a mile. The heat has killed the trees for many acres about it, and here again is an example of the curious intermittence of these phenomena. Prior to 1902, the noise and heat were slight. In that year it burst forth and has continued.

As we approach the Norris Basin Hotel these examples of volcanic action increase. Everywhere are boiling springs, mud volcanoes, tremors and threatenings. This region, to my mind, is the very center of the volcanic disturbances of the Park. The geysers are not large, but the whole region gives you the feeling that you are standing on a crust that may at any time give way. New springs and volcanoes appear frequently, and old ones cease. Acres and acres of forest are dead

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and withered. Other acres are but losing their foliage from the heat and expulsive material lately cast over them.

A mere catalogue of the boilers and hissers and exploders would fill this book. The whole region lies in a basin surrounded by gentle hills, crowned with greenness; but the greater portion of the valley is sere, baked and boiled, given over to the activities of the internal fires.

The hotel, a wooden structure, stands on a gentle eminence, apart from the disturbances, so that you have no apprehension that it will be blown up, and is, in itself, one of the phenomena of the Park.

As I have said, all the hotels are good, surprisingly good, when you consider that everything must be hauled long distances from the railroad and that not even an onion grows in the Park. But this one was the least promising of all externally—a rambling, one-story frame structure, used mostly as a lunch station and conducted by a lady. We were expected, and a special dinner was awaiting us.

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The Park air does make one think of eating long before the dinner hour, and we were fully ready, but not prepared for such a meal. The table was set with beautiful silver, exquisite napery, and shaded candles. The duchess who waited on us was the best of her kind—swift, handy, and good to look at.

And the dinner! It began with a bisque of tomato, smooth as its porcelain namesake; then a great planked whitefish; a saute of chicken livers; a broiled squab with a punch of Maraschino that Sherry could not surpass; a green salad; a Nesselrode pudding; black coffee and real Camembert cheese—none of your imitations—and a touch, you know, just a touch, of that nectar that is brewed by some wondrous beings from the essence of the humble but much-loved mint—green, translucent—that finishing touch that, with its soothing force, harmonizes all that has gone before.

I fear I grow old. I lose my sense of proportion. In retrospect, that dinner looms as grandly as Old Faithful. It was the most beautiful thing in the

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Park, save the Falls of the Yellowstone. It was so unexpected, so timely, prepared with such exquisite skill and forethought for those unknown wayfarers, that it will always remain a blessed reminiscence.

You may be sure sleep was long and deep that night, but we had forty miles to go the next day to make Yellowstone and the Gateway in time for the night train; so we did not linger to look at the geysers, which make up in numbers for their lack of size. The Constant and the Minute Men go off regularly once a minute. There is the Locomotive, a boiling spring from which the steam escapes exactly as from an over-pressed boiler. There are evil-looking mud springs and ill-smelling water springs. For a long distance you walk across a temporary roadway surrounded by rumblings and roarings and hissings, with the ground so warm to the feet that you do not care to step off the board walk. In fact, you do not get clear of hot ground for more than a mile from the hotel. It is a marvelous region; taken for all in all the most terrific in the Park. You

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want to see it once. I think you will hardly care to do so again.

Four miles from the hotel we struck the beautiful cañon of the Gibbon and followed the river for some miles; in fact, until it unites with the Firehole to make the Madison.

The road down the Gibbon is the prettiest in the Park. It dips and slides around the cañon walls, with the river beside us, flowing smoothly over long rock slides, or fretting at some impediment. Here leaping down the Virginia Cascade, and there spreading out into smooth, long reaches that reflect the trees and mountains.

At noon we stopped for lunch at the junction of the Gibbon and the Firehole, and there struck the road we came in on. Coming in, we had turned to the right to follow the Firehole to its upper basin, where Old Faithful performs its hourly miracle. Returning, we had followed down the other branch of the Madison to their junction.

We spread our blankets on the grass and opened the lunch that our lady of the Norris Hotel had provided—a forest wonder. There was every-

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thing in it that should be in a lunch basket, the best of their kind, and one item—of green glass with a long neck and foreign words on its side—not often found in regular hotel lunch baskets.

Once more we pursued the beaten highway that we knew to our starting point, and at 5:30 o'clock drew up in front of the station at Yellowstone, and saw again the iron rails and the Pullmans—the insignia of civilization.

We returned to commonplace clothes and saw the great stages whirl up to the platform and discharge their crowds of tired, but happy, tourists.

We spent an hour in the curio shops, where the Lady kindly invited me to buy for her a Polar bearskin rug, marked down to two hundred and fifty. I love such things, but I am frequently able to restrain my mad desire for them. I did this time.

And so, at last, the whistle blew, and the pines began to slip behind us. We were back, back again, in the world of work, and the world of play; such a dear and lovely world was left behind.

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Alas! how hard it was to leave it! We promised we would see it again—we said "au revoir but not goodbye," but in our hearts we knew we never should, though always it will be there waiting for us. The happy animals, the geysers, the streams and falls, the stately hills, and all its beauties and wonders will be for other eyes. Ours have beheld them.

We have seen the wonder of the world and are content.

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Chapter 14.



SOME SUGGESTIONS

DEARLY BELOVED, if you have followed this wandering narrative so far, some of you will sometime go to the Yellowstone. For your benefit and because you have gone so far with me, and because I like you, I will, without price, give you a few suggestions for the trip.

As I have said before, there are so many ways of viewing the Park. If you go in a party, the best way is to engage your own team and driver. Then you may go rapidly or slowly, stop where and when you like, take as many side trips as please you, and there are many. You may, on the other hand, go by the regular stages and make the regular tour in five days. Or, you may go by the regular stages

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and break your trip wherever you like, taking seat in a later stage.

Nearly always there are vacant seats, so you need not, unless you wish, and are hurried, go all the way with the same stage. By notifying the local manager of the stage line at your hotel, you can provide yourself with passage at a later date and thus avoid the rush of the continuous tour.

Do not take much luggage. A suitcase is all you need. People do not dress for dinner in the Park. No one dresses up much, but be sure to take heavy clothing. Consider that the altitude ranges nearly all the way from six thousand to seven thousand feet. Last winter's suit will not be amiss. Get rid of the superfluities. Forget clothes. Leave the bothers and worries of civilization as far as possible.

You need not cut yourself off from the world unless you desire to.

There is a telegraph line throughout the Park, and, by arranging in advance, you may always be in touch with the outside world.

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If you wish to take the camping trip, arrange in advance for it. Mr. Haynes will furnish you with guide, tents, pack-horses, saddle-horses, or regular conveyances. You can then go where you like and see the wilder and more remote parts of this great forest. If you care for the outdoor life, this is the true way to go. For myself, I have promised another trip, but doubtless shall not take it. I have made myself many such promises, when I have visited some charming spot and hurried away before I was satisfied, and then never returned.

So it will be with you, and do not be in too much of a hurry. Take it from me, you will not regret the time you spend up there.

To sum it up, I repeat: It is the most wonderful region in the world. It holds more marvels, more beauties, more surprises, than any other in the world. At the last I feel how inadequately I have described it; how inadequately, you will know when you go there.

(THE END.)

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